Contains some verses on Gay, p. 8, verses 19 + 20 and p. 40, verses 1-4.

Miſcellaneous Poems, &c.

By W. GILLUM.

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BY

W. GILLUM.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

A FARCE,

CALLED

What will the World say?

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

——SPES INCERTA FUTURI.

VIRGIL.

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13 Mar 13 P+C c.al

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THE PREFACE.

IT is impoſſible to tread the paths of literature with too much caution. Friar Lawrence obſerves to Romeo,

"Wiſely and ſlow; they ſtumble that run faſt."

And to none can the admonition be applied with more propriety than to a Poetical Projector. Like a hare, he ſhould be able to look both before and behind him; for his purſuers

purſuers are numerous and keen. If, therefore, amidſt a few flowers of fancy, the weeds of dulneſs and inelegance ſhould too frequently appear, the Author flatters himſelf they will be eradicated by a gentle hand, and that the exploring eye of Criticiſm will not ſearch with too much eagerneſs for errors incident to a firſt publication.

That many of the productions in this little Volume were written at an early period of life, is too apparent; nor is there a ſingle Eſſay that has not a ſtronger claim on the lenity than the judgment of the Reader.

The Poem which relates to the unfortunate Queen of Scotland muſt, even by thoſe who

who look on her character with a cold and doubtful eye, be received with impartiality and candor. The enthuſiaſtic admirers of this Royal Child of Sorrow may perhaps be induced to beſtow a commendation, more in compliment to the theme, than the manner in which it is treated. The Writer contents himſelf with having expreſſed his feelings on a circumſtance which, like the ſplendid victories and matchleſs policy of Mary's mercileſs competitor, can never be forgotten.

The Verſes To NATURE, are but the mere outlines of an intention to delineate, on a more enlarged ſcale, the different lights and ſhades—the beauties and the blots of the Britiſh Bards. The want of powers and experience is the beſt and

the

the only plea that can be offered for the relinquiſhment of ſo comprehenſive a deſign; the execution whereof would be adopting the idea in the Pilgrim's Progreſs, of "*climbing up the Hill of Difficulty.*"

The Prologues and Epilogues, ſpoken at Mr. FECTOR's private Theatre in Dover, have already been received with a pleaſure, which muſt be attributed wholly to the excellent manner in which they were delivered: That they ſhould excite the ſame ſenſations on peruſal, it would be preſumptuous to expect.

When it is univerſally acknowledged that Epigrammatic Excellence is almoſt unattainable, any humble attempts at this ſpecies of compoſition, it is hoped, will be weighed

weighed in the ſcale of good-nature. This conſideration, the Author truſts, will entitle him to that allowance, which it is no diſgrace to ſolicit, and which cannot be refuſed on any principles but of the moſt extreme rigour.

The CONGRATULATORY STANZAS, ON A LATE RECONCILIATION, were written on the ſpur of the occaſion, with the MENS ARDENS which ſo important an event muſt naturally excite; an event that ſhall fill the page of future hiſtory, and inſpire the moſt favoured Children of the Muſe to touch the trembling ſtring of grateful Panegyric.

The Alluſion to the "*Literary Goſſip of "the Day*," may not be immediately obvious to every reader, but cannot be generally miſunderſtood. The gifts of Genius were

were never ſo thankleſsly return'd, nor the poſſeſſion of pre-eminent powers more degraded by the application, than in this inſtance: And it muſt awaken ſentiments of compaſſion in the breaſt of every votary of literature, that one who might raiſe ſo high a monument of fame, ſhould build on ſo deſpicable a foundation! — Juvenal never made Virtue the ſubject of his laſh, or offered an oblation to the Muſe in the hateful garb of filthineſs and treaſon. A perſeverance in ſuch purſuits can be aſcribed to no other motive than a deſire to be conſidered a nice man, according to SWIFT's definition, or a patriot on the principles of Catiline.——Henceforth, ****** ******, chooſe fitter ſubjects for thy ſatire, or deſiſt from a malevolence as unfelt and unavailing as the beating of a rock with a feather,

feather, or the ſtripes of Xerxes upon the ſea!

The ingenious and witty VOLTAIRE remarks of POPE, "*Il a reduit les ſifflemens "aigres de la trompette Angloiſe aux ſons "doux de la flute.*" Whilſt we heartily ſubſcribe to the juſtice of this elegant encomium, we muſt confeſs, that if the ſame liberal ſpirit prevailed in any modern critic of equal penetration, he would not be leſs reſerved in his praiſes of ſome of the preſent Candidates for the Bays.

With theſe the Author cannot pretend to hold even a ſubaltern rank. He is, as the CRITIC obſerves, a mere "Lacquey in Li-"terature." But, as a Lacquey, he claims the privilege of good treatment from his *Maſters*;

Maſters; at the ſame time ſoliciting, that *gentleneſs* (according to the very expreſſive idea in a celebrated periodical work ‡) may conſtitute a *part of his wages*.

‡ The MIRROR.

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Miſcellaneous

Miscellaneous

Miſcellaneous Poems.

The melancholy and unmerited Fate of an unfortunate and amiable Princeſs, excited the following poor, though well intended Tribute of Poetical Commiſſeration.— The Author truſts, at the ſame time, that the Preſumption of attempting to delineate the Treatment of a Character, which has and ever will bid Defiance to the Poet's Fancy and the Painter's Pencil, will be forgiven.

WHEN lovely Mary, Scotland's beauteous queen,
Of rivalry had felt the ſtroke ſo keen;
When ſtern Elizabeth, by malice ſway'd,
The wretched weakneſs of her ſoul betray'd;
Rancour beheld her influence with ſurprize,
Whilſt joy malignant ſwell'd her furious eyes.

Could ſhe, whoſe wiſdom Europe felt and ſaw,
Who made the tyrant kneel, gave deſpots law;
Could ſhe by canker'd jealouſy be led?
Let Envy's ſnakes entwine around her head?
Could Spain's great Victreſs, careleſs of her fame,
Forget herſelf, her country, and her name,
And, in a mercileſs ill-fated hour,
Put on the veſt of ſanguinary pow'r?
Deteſted pow'r! uſurp'd, and ſelf-aſſum'd,
Which e'en to death the faireſt victim doom'd!
See, with her blood, the ſtreams of ſorrow flow!
The axe relenting! ſhudd'ring at the blow!

Thy walls, Oh Fotheringay! ſtill bemoan;
The tears of Mary ſoft'ning ev'ry ſtone!

Elizabeth a decent ſorrow feign'd,
Whilſt in her breaſt a ſecret triumph reign'd!
That heart the tender pleas could ne'er aſſail,
Hid its black ſhame within Compaſſion's veil:
Skill'd in the myſteries of deep diſguiſe,
She ſhone a meteor in her people's eyes.
In its proud ſplendor they o'erlook'd the ſpot
Where Fame was darken'd by Revenge's blot.

Religion's

Religion's cloak once hid the horrid crime:
Too thin a veil to cheat the eyes of time!
Impartial candor ſhall unmaſk deceit,
And guilty greatneſs its contempt ſhall meet.
An act of mercy is a gift to God;
Who never gave the ſceptre for a rod:
And thoſe who wield it with a gentle ſway,
Find Freedom's ſons the readieſt to obey.

To timid James the horrid tidings flew.
When he, alas! his mother's murder knew,
'Tis ſaid, compaſſion forc'd the ready tear.
A coward's grief! ſubſervient to his fear.
Loud as the thunder, Juſtice cry'd 'Reſent.'
The daſtard monarch only could lament!

For ſuch a deed ſhall filial vengeance ſleep?
Revenge her death: ' 'tis not enough to weep.'
The cries of blood could ne'er his ſoul inſpire:
A narrow meanneſs quench'd the gen'rous fire.
His joys, almoſt as odious as his life,
Seeking a paſtime in pedantic ſtrife.
Unqualify'd in *other* wars to fight:
A caſuiſt's conteſt was the king's delight!

Without a virtue to adorn his name,
He liv'd a curſe, and dy'd a nation's ſhame!
The Scottiſh court in deepeſt ſables clad,
Mournful their garments, but with hearts more ſad:
Adown each cheek, e'en like the copious rain,
Deſcended ſoft-ey'd Pity's gentle ſtrain.

Sinclair * alone, 'midſt univerſal woe,
To Honour's ſummons, ſcorning to be ſlow,
In armour ſtands before his prince array'd;
And in his ſcabbard half-unſheath'd the blade.
With glowing warmth the valiant Baron ſpoke,
When queſtion'd by his ſovereign, why he broke
The courtly [redacted] custom —not in black appear?
The gallant Sinclair graſp'd the martial ſpear;
Whilſt thus he anſwer'd, with a dauntleſs mien,
"This is the proper mourning for the Queen."

* Many of his (king James's) nobility inſtigated him to take arms. Lord Sinclair, when the courtiers appeared in deep mourning, preſented himſelf to the king, arrayed in complete armour, and ſaid, "This is the proper mourning for the Queen."

Hume's Hiſtory of England, vol. 5.

Unfading

Unfading laurels ſhall adorn thy head:
Fame's loudeſt trump the Hero's name ſhall ſpread.

Hume's poliſh'd pen, in marble, tells the tale;
And mould'ring Time the record can't aſſail.
In ſplendid grandeur flows th' hiſtorian's ſtile,
Strong and majeſtic as the rapid Nile.
Candor and taſte we view in ev'ry line;
And when he paints, the colours are divine.

Shall I, uncheriſh'd by Parnaſſian fire,
To whom the Muſe has never lent her lyre;
Whoſe beſt effuſions are but weak eſſays;
Who boaſt no merit, and expect no praiſe:
Shall I great Sinclair's bravery recite,
Who want the wings to take the Poet's flight!
Diſcretion bids me the bold taſk give o'er;
Tho' Admiration urges me to ſoar,

To a Friend,

From whom the Author received a Poetical Epiſtle, at an unſeaſonable Hour, incloſing a Frank.

——— ——— ——— I Muſt own,
In poetry you ſtand alone.
You've got the pretty jingling knack,
Your verſes run ſo ſmooth and ſmack!
Not that I mean, my dear friend, ———,
Your rhyme reſembles Almas Aly.
Like Comus' crew, all muſt agree,
They're "careleſs, airy, gay, and free."

As I am in a ſcribbling prank,
My Muſe ſhall thank you for the Frank.
Truly ſincere this gratulation,
And not a Poet's affectation.

Whene'er your genius takes a flight
(In other words, when next you write)

Let

Let me this maxim recommend;
Th' advice, I hope, will not offend;
When you'd diſplay your parts and pow'rs,
Oblige your Muſe to keep good hours;
Or of my ſpleen you'll have a teſt,
By damning thoſe who break our reſt.
Like modern Bards, their practice keep,
And give us naps—*don't ſpoil our ſleep.*

On the Edict of the Univerſity of Cambridge prohibiting the Students from having any public or private Dinners.

CAmbridge! to ſtarve its learned ſons may boaſt;
Bleſt with Vice Chancellors *to rule their reaſt.*
Remote from college, no reſtraints we feel:
No dread of Proctors interrupts our meal.

Ye famiſh'd Square Caps, ſay what fate is worſe
Than that where hunger is ſo great a curſe?
The pamper'd pedant, once ſo plump and ſleek,
Proves his obedience by his hollow cheek.
With modeſt ſpider-frame, ſcarce half alive,
By *looking little*, fondly hopes to thrive!
Preferments to his meagre jaws are giv'n:
He riſes, by his *leanneſs*, to good living.

To a Young Lady
playing at the Window with her Lap-Dog.

HAPPY! thrice happy! were thoſe days,
O glorious bliſsful age!
When Gods contriv'd a thouſand ways
The ladies to engage!

Danäe

Danäe (ſo the ſtory's told)
Had many charms and graces.
Her heart at laſt was gain'd by gold;
Jove ſuited all their caſes.

(Her father having a ſtrange doubt,
Confin'd her in a tow'r:
Danäe never could walk out,
Nor had one pleaſant hour!)

Deſcending in a golden ſhow'r,
The bolts and bars obey;
The centinels confeſs his pow'r;
And none obſtruct his way.

To Danäe he then appears;
She liſtens to his tale,
And even credits all ſhe hears.—
So ſoon did Jove prevail!

Now as chaſte Dian,—now a ſwan,—
Now as a creeping ant:
Jove could with eaſe each ſhape put on
When he would be gallant.

At preſent, I am very clear,
And none will ſure diſpute,
That at your window he'd appear
A little harmleſs brute,

That lily-hand ſometimes to feel,
O! ecſtaſy of bliſs!
From thoſe ſoft ruby lips to ſteal,
What's more,—a precious kiſs!

Unto that boſom to be preſt,
Felicity's ſoft throne!
With fond indulgence oft careſt,
With you a favourite grown,

Or ſhould thoſe penetrative eyes
His Godſhip's acts diſcover,
Jove would then ſay, without diſguiſe,
Not as a modern lover,

"Olympus' joys are nothing worth;
"For them I don't repine.
"To be *the happieſt dog on earth*,
"O let that lot be mine!"

On the Death of
an eminent and much-lamented Performer.

O HENDERSON! thy loſs we all deplore,
Who oft to raiſe the jocund laugh waſt wont!
Falſtaff, who liv'd in thee, is now no more,
And *grins at preſent like Sir Walter Blunt!*

To the Writer of a Paper, entitled The Stage,
which frequently appeared in the Morning Chronicle.

OF Engliſh and Latin why all theſe quotations?
To thee Tw—ſs the actor owes no obligations.
When your pen is employ'd, 'tis a *dagger* you raiſe;
And the fame of poor K—mb—e is *ſtabb'd* by its praiſe.

Addreſſed

Addreſſed to General Burgoyne,
the Author of the Heireſs,
a Comedy.

LET captious critics their weak malice vend,
And ſtrive to leſſen what they cannot mend,
Let the poor paltry witlings of the day
With plagiariſm's charge attack thy play;
Aliens to taſte, of candor too bereft,
They'd blight thy bays with literary theft.

Above their ſhafts thy merits far will riſe;
While ſpent in air the envious arrow flies.
In thee ſenſe, wit, and ſentiment combine;
And poliſh'd pleaſantry adorns each line.

Humour's enliv'ning ſallies oft appear;
And Nature laughs where only rivals ſneer.
With language nervous, forc'd conceits you ſhun:
And thy ſtrong pow'rs diſdain the far-fetch'd pun.

Had

Had I but ſipp'd the Heliconian ſtream,
Then would my pen be worthy of its theme.
Unfavour'd by the Muſe's lib'ral aid,
A very novice in the jingling trade.
Forc'd, tho' reluctant, I thy praiſe reſign,
And truſt thy fame to better guards than mine.

On an Upſtart Printer.

FOOLSCAP, whoſe pertneſs e'en exceeds belief,
Swears that he'll now *turn over a new leaf.*
His very devils tremble at his looks,
And ſtrive, in vain, to *get in his good books.*

On
CONTENTMENT.

CONtentment ever was the lot of few.
Foes to ourſelves, each phantom we purſue.
The little bauble of our wiſh obtain'd,
We ſtill repine, and think we've nothing gain'd!
'Tis mad Deſire to gentle Reaſon blind,
Urg'd by the phrenzy of a reſtleſs mind,
The modeſt graces of Content neglects,
And e'en the cup of happineſs rejects.
Med'cine, in vain, applies her ſoothing ſpell:
No healing balm the furious rage can quell.
Compaſſion's ſelf is callous to the pain
Of thankleſs man, e'er ready to complain.
From ſuch the world, as from contagion, fly.
Deſpis'd they live, and unlamented die.

E'en, o'er their coffers, miſers pray for more!
Their only object to increaſe their ſtore.
Deteſted Av'rice opes his wolfiſh jaws:
No prey eſcapes the hungry tyrant's claws.

The

The piles of pelf the greedy can't enjoy:
The wealth they worſhip will their peace deſtroy.

The thirſt for treaſure can no joys impart:
'Tis this abſorbs each virtue of the heart.
This chills the gen'rous ſympathetic glow,
And ſtops the bounty Pity would beſtow.

See feeble age, amidſt corruption's tribe,
On tott'ring knees receive the guilty bribe!
His hoary honours ſink to ſilent ſcorn:
Reſpect no more his rev'rend brows adorn.
To age alone is avarice confin'd?
Has gold no influence on the youthful mind?
Alas! e'en there the ſordid fiend has ſtole,
"Freezing the genial current of the ſoul."
No pen can palliate the hateful luſt:
And Virtue views it with a mark'd diſguſt.

O! Indignation, raiſe thy vengeful hand,
And drive th' inhuman monſter from the land!
Thy ſons, O Albion, feel a patriot ſhame,
To ſee it taint great R—ſſ—l's glorious name.

Nor

Nor ſhall the Muſe with-hold her juſt rebuke,
Or call it weakneſs e'en in B—df——d's Duke.

Can haughty honours, glittering gewgaws, pleaſe?
How oft theſe trifles cheat us of our eaſe!
One moment they exalt us 'bove the crowd,
The next we're tumbled from the empty cloud:
The more uprais'd, the more we feel the blow;
Which wiſely teaches us ourſelves to know.
With ſcorn and pity view each little mind
Hunting a ſhadow fleeter than the wind;
On eagle's pinions the meteor flies,
And the Fool's game forſakes him in the ſkies.

Nor let gay Pleaſure our purſuits attract;
Let Reaſon's dictates regulate each act;
Tho' one allures us with a Syren's voice,
'Tis Reaſon only makes the heart rejoice;
Deceit oft lurks beneath the dimpl'd ſmile,
And faireſt forms th' unwary heart beguile.
'Tis not the dance, the minſtrel, or the ſong,
That can the raptures of the mind prolong;
She ſeeks a purer, more ſubſtantial bliſs:
The happy heaven Virtue cannot miſs.

This

This is the region of unfading joy,
Whoſe golden tranſports know no baſe alloy.

Say, what temptation to the ſtudious life?
Thy ſchools, O Science! turn'd to ſchools for ſtrife!
The lamp of Knowledge burns no longer bright;
Contention's ſons obſcure the friendly light:
Philoſophy in doubts her pride diſplays,
And Pedantry delights the miſt to raiſe.
We ſearch for truths we never can obtain,
And, like Diogenes, we ſearch in vain.
The Lover's fire poſſeſſion cannot quell;
Inconſtant man, e'er ready to rebel:
Faithleſs, the idol he ador'd betrays,
And Beauty's charms with treachery repays.
In Glory's path the Soldier meets with thorns,
Though his bold heart each threat'ning danger ſcorns;
But when Compaſſion ſpreads her rays ſerene,
With tears he contemplates the bloody ſcene:
To nought but Pity will the Hero yield;
And from the brave ſhe'll ever win the field.

What language can thoſe agonies define,
When Pride perceives her frantic, bold deſign,

Splitting on Diſappointment's barren ſhore?
And thus her hopes are with her plans no more.
Deſpair ſucceeds! the wretched lot of thoſe
Who ſpurn the tranquil ſtate, and meek repoſe.
How bleſt are they who ſhun the buſy ſcene,
Whoſe joys are harmleſs, as their minds ſerene;
Unruffl'd e'en by Fortune's fickle frown,
Nor by Adverſity's ſharp ſtroke cut down!
Life's clouds and ſunſhine are alike to theſe;
Want can't diſturb, nor Wealth augment their eaſe.
Pale Envy's ſhafts can ne'er invade their bliſs;
Her ſerpents cannot ſting—they only hiſs.
'Tis Pride accurs'd o'erleaps calm Reaſon's bounds;
A treach'rous dart, that charms us as it wounds!
With art ſhe ſpreads her captivating lures,
And e'en the honeſt heart too oft ſecures.
How difficult t'avoid Ambition's wiles,
The mind's aſſaſſin! as ſhe ſtabs ſhe ſmiles!
Tho' dove-like Peace, that attribute divine!
No homage pays to Vanity's gay ſhrine:
No thirſt for gold inflames her gentle ſoul;
She views the poiſon lurking in the bowl;
That yellow poiſon, whoſe pernicious power
Cankers each comfort of the calmer hour!

O where,

O where, Felicity! ſhall mortals flee
To taſte the tranſports that proceed from thee?
In Virtue's humble cot and moſs-grown cell
Felicity and meek Contentment dwell.
From courts they fly; unſeen they love to rove,
And meditate amidſt the vernal grove.
Nor to the ſhade is ſweet Content confin'd;
Fix'd to no place, 'tis all within the mind.

On reading the Eſtimate of the Expences of the P—— of W——s's Eſtabliſhment; whereby it appeared that 10,000 l. a Year was allowed for his Table, and 30,000 l. a Year for the Support of his Stud.

TO his Highneſs's ſpirit how much it redounds,
That his table-expences are ten thouſand pounds!
The niggardly ſoul perhaps will be thinking,
That ſo much was expended in eating and drinking.

But a liberal ſpirit that Prince muſt poſſeſs,
When even his horſes the fact can confeſs.
E'en to theſe he would ſcorn to be ſhabby or dirty:
If his Friends coſt *ten* thouſand, his Steeds coſt him *thirty*.

On his Royal Highneſs's Reſolution to relinquiſh Horſe-Racing.

THO' the plains of Newmarket for ſmoothneſs are fam'd,
Of its charms ſome have had quite enough:
'Tis e'en ſaid that the P—— has lately exclaim'd,
On experience, he found them too rough.

On this ſod, tho' ſo even, ſome meet with a fall,
And have never recover'd their ſlip:
"But one ſtumble will ne'er the true ſportſman appal,"
Cries O'Kelly, that God of the Whip.

Let

Let the needy and ſeedy, ſuch ſcum and ſuch ſcurf,
To whom gambling's the only reſource;
Let theſe ſtill adhere to the tricks of the turf,
Whilſt each Brunſwick makes GLORY his *courſe*.

On ſeeing a bad Picture of Mrs. Siddons in the Exhibition.

JUSTLY t'expreſs a Siddons' eye,
The feeble pencils arts defy,
Who can the ſoul pourtray?
That ſoul, which in her face appears,
Whoſe powers reſiſtleſs forces tears,
And makes all hearts obey!

Apelles could not 'ſcape contempt
Were he to make the bold attempt:
The taſk he muſt reſign.
Like his fam'd Venus, he'd perceive,
The ſubject he at laſt muſt leave
To others to define.

What madneſs, B——ch, enflam'd thy breaſt,
Or falſe ambition could ſuggeſt?
What rival meant to wound?
For e'en thy little fame 'twill taint,
When raſhly thus you ſtrive to paint
Where *likeneſs can't be found.*

EPILOGUE, intended for Mrs. Cowley's Comedy of the School for Greybeards.

CRITICS, beware! don't let me hear you grumble.
I know your ſtyle:—" This Play's a monſtrous
" jumble.
" The plot, at beſt, a moſt unnatural fiction;
" Juſt like the ſex, *replete with contradiction.*
" What! will this woman ne'er her pen lay down?
" Will ſhe ſtill brave the cenſure of the town?
" Try with ſuch ſtuff our plaudits to entrap?
" She wants another *feather in her cap.*"

Ye

Ye lib'ral advocates of wit and taſte,
'Tis yours to guard the trophies you have plac'd;
Nor will ye heſitate a moment, whether
'Tis right to add or take away a feather,

Oh think how hard her taſk to furniſh wit,
That every nice obſerver's taſte may hit!
There is a Houſe, where, to relieve debate,
Humour oft mingles with affairs of ſtate;
Where, e'en in laughter, we are quite o'ermatch'd:
And thus is buſineſs pleaſantly diſpatch'd,
Whate'er the hour, can Senators repine?
Cramm'd with *good things*, they never wiſh to dine.
But now St. Stephen's orators are dumb:
This calm perhaps foretels the ſtorms to come.
Our ſtorms are paſt which late you ſaw ariſe,
When *Richard* tugg'd with *Richard* for the prize.
Our ready Rival, earlieſt in the field,
Tho' firſt in arms, has prov'd the firſt to yield.
Let us not triumph o'er a vanquiſh'd foe;
Fierce was his onſet, tho' he's now laid low.
Experience teaches then, 'tis empty prattle
To ſay the *firſt blow always wins the battle*;

To theſe allies [*to the Audience*] our Hero owes his glory!
Enough of war; we'll quit the horrid ſtory,
And turn to where ſo many an hapleſs pair
Neglect thoſe joys they know not how to ſhare:
Their love once pledg'd, they never ſince e'en dream'd,
That pledge, to be enjoy'd, *ſhould be redeem'd.*
Let Faſhion's foplings ſcorn the nuptial vows;
Thank Heav'n, we now can boaſt a modern ſpouſe,
Who boldly dares to ſlight their giddy ſcoff,
And with his *Wife*, in ſpite of law, runs off.
'Would he were mine!' the mourning bride exclaims;
When huſbands *run*, 'tis moſtly *from* their dames.
Yet many a moping Benedick at home
Finds, in his turn, a woman too can roam;
And when ſhe's tempted to a little trip,
How ſoon the ſcandal darts from ev'ry lip!
She's loſt indeed! for Cenſure's cruel law
Makes no allowance for the ſmalleſt flaw:
E'en in this Court, ſhould a poor Female faulter,
No *writ of error* can your verdict *alter*.

PRO-

PROLOGUE to ZARA,

Spoken by William Fector, Esq. at his Theatre in Dover, on the 14th December, 1786.

PROLOGUES, to please, each various taste should hit;
Should strike at once the Lordling and the Cit.
'Tis Satire's task to root the sprouting weeds
Which rise so thick, and choak Distinction's seeds;
For honours now descend on high or low
In general bounty, like a fall of snow.

The busy *Barber* courts the public stare,
And finds his title *fits him to a hair.*
Sir Plumb, the *Grocer*, with his knighthood big,
For his neglected shop *cares not a fig.*
What tho' the *Butcher* can't obtain the prize,
Yet in his mind sublimer prospects rise;
E'en now, in thought, he quits his greasy stand,
And shines a *Baronet*—with *his* BLOODY HAND.
Well may neglected Merit wave her claim,
When each ambitious Blockhead seeks a name!

The

The *Northern Hero*—e'en that title dwindles,
If giv'n to Pruſſia, and to him who *ſwindles*.
He that to Glory's loftieſt heights did ſoar,
Frederick, is dead—but is his fame no more?
Long ſhall it flouriſh in each gallant breaſt,
There ſhall his great example be impreſt.

But other conqueſts now attract our arms:
Laurels may tempt—but partridges have charms.
With joy the Sportſman's valiant deeds we trace,
His trophies riſing in each ſlaughter'd brace;
Then, like the *Cannibal*, the foe he'll treat;
Proving he only vanquiſhes *to eat*.

The conquering Fair, altho' no blood ſhe ſpill,
Is by Dame Nature qualify'd to kill:
Untax'd, on every manor ſhe may ſhoot;
And who ſhall dare her licence to diſpute?
The Wit, the Beau, the Pedant, and the Sot,
Nay, even Sportſmen, feel th' unerring ſhot.
Secure ſhe ranges, unreſtrain'd by fear;
Gauze guards the *front*, and *Cork* defends the *rear*.
Pale Prudery with envy bites her lip
To view her Rival in her *World of Hip*;

And

And whilſt diſdain is pictur'd in her face,
Contracts her virtues *in a ſmaller ſpace.*

Now for ourſelves, whom warmeſt hopes inflame:
Each breaſt with ardor ſeeks the road to Fame;
Where ſhould ſome *Critic-footpad* dare approach,
Altho' no *blunderbuſs* protects our *coach*,
If from your candor we are not debarr'd,
This *little Stage* can never want a *guard:*
Into your hands the *reins* are ſafely thrown;
And e'en the *Whip* of Cenſure is your own:
Gently apply its *laſh* to each young ſteed,
And do *not cut us* till *you make us bleed.*

EPILOGUE to ZARA,

Spoken by Mr. Fector.

SPEAK frankly, Ladies—would you have a lover
Such *killing* proofs of his regard diſcover?
The fire of Oſman was at firſt quite charming;
At laſt, I fear, you thought it too alarming!

I ſaw

I ſaw you ſhudder at the jealous Turk,
When you beheld Suſpicion's bloody work.
Wretched indeed muſt be each fair one's fate,
Where certain death attends a tête-a-tête!
But Britiſh huſbands, tho' not quite ſo furious,
Are apt, at times, to be a little curious;
Tho', in high life, the Benedicks of faſhion,
Like true philoſophers, deſpiſe all paſſion.
My Lord, contented, ſees the plot go on,
And heals his wounded honour with *crim. con.*
Tho' oftentimes, ſo high's the am'rous fuel,
It ends, moſt horrid! in a *modern duel.*
Piſtols are charg'd—the HEROES take their ſtands;
They make apologies—and then *ſhake hands:*
Whilſt Newſpapers diſperſe the ſtory round,
How *very cool* they were upon the ground.
On this foundation future fame is built,
And not a *drop* of *noble blood is ſpilt.*

As for poor Zara, ſhe was too fantaſtic;
Her piety, at beſt, enthuſiaſtic.
Should ſuch weak ſcruples be to love a bar?
She felt, alas! ſhe carried her's too far!

Sir

Sir Flimſy ſays, " I hate ſuch Devotees,
" Whoſe pious orgies only make one freeze.
" Give me the Fair whom nothing can reſtrain,
" Who looks on all *but me* with juſt diſdain:
" If I'm indifferent, ſhe muſt love the more;
" And if I'm fickle, ſhe muſt ſtill adore;
" Nay e'en, her great affection to expreſs,
" Praiſes my taſte, my elegance, and dreſs;
" Defends my *neckcloth* 'gainſt each idle Rater,
" Who ſwears I've ſtole a *napkin* from *a waiter*;
" Will e'en the uſe of my *clipp'd ſkirts* unfold,
" Which, like *trimm'd game-cocks*, makes *me look more*
" *bold:*
" Whilſt, in return, I generouſly ſtoop
" To paint the beauties of her *bouncing hoop*;
" Till, quite tranſported with my fond careſſing,
" She gracefully beſtows—her *Biſhop's bleſſing.*"

Faſhion's a Farce, by men of ſenſe confeſt;
Fools *deck* the *outſide* while the Mind's undreſt.
Wiſdom, unable to ſuppreſs her rage,
With ſcorn beholds theſe ſtrutters on the Stage—
The Stage of Life! where all muſt play their part:
They act the beſt who ſpurn the rules of Art.

Here

Here may her frigid ſyſtems never ſpread!
Thy path, O Nature! 'tis our wiſh to tread;
Whilſt this indulgence we preſume to claim,
That one *falſe ſtep may never blaſt our fame.*

PROLOGUE to MAHOMET,

Spoken by William Fector, Eſq. at his private Theatre, in Dover, March 5th, 1787.

TO you a debt of thanks, indeed, we owe;
Which 'tis as well to ſettle as we go:
Nor leave ſo great a reck'ning undiſcharg'd;
For by delaying payment, 'tis enlarg'd.
Tho', by your heav'nly ſmiles, it don't appear
That you'll refuſe us further credit here.

What if we 'ſcape the Cynic's harſh contempt,
How few from Satire's ſhafts are now exempt!

Keen

Keen wits at ev'ry foible will take aim:
Theſe private theatres they think fair game.
And as the rage increaſes, they diſcern,
That *topſy-turvy* every thing we turn.
To cruſh, not check, this acting rage they're bent:
And thus their pettiſh irony they vent.

Moſt wonderful! th' Attorney there behold,
Raving in Timon againſt *filthy gold!*
Now in ſoliloquy he fumes away,
Chiding (to parchment falſe!) the law's delay.
The client's chink he ne'er muſt hope to catch;
For not *one ſtatute* recommends diſpatch.

The ſons of Galen! none will ſure believe
That they their *gallipots* ſhould ever leave;
Forſake their *ſhops*, where ev'ry thing's ſo ſnug,
For what? the Drama! 'tis at beſt a *drug*.
Howe'er, by all this, truth muſt be confeſt:
'Tis only on the ſtage—*they kill in jeſt*.

The merchant, "*once ſo ſmug upon the mart*,"
Neglects his invoices, to learn his part;

Scorning

Scorning to liſten to his friends perſuading,
To quit the *Play Bills* for the *Bills of Lading*.

Th' Equeſtrian Buck, unvarying in his tone,
Staunch to the Turf—to him it is a throne:
Roars in King Richard; and is ne'er at loſs
When he exclaims, "*My Kingdom for a Horſe.*"

The Half-pay Hero feels the want of caſh;
And truly ſays, "*Who ſteals* my *purſe ſteals traſh.*"

Fat Cooks too, *fry* with paſſion for the ſtage;
Whoſe greaſy minds *broil* with Tragedian Rage.
In Comedy, tho' fraught with laugh and fun,
Yet all is chaſte, and nothing's *overdone*.
Hitting each palate, they are always boaſting
They never felt or fear'd the Critic's *roaſting*.
That from their efforts ev'ry one might learn
To *do* their parts, *e'en to a very turn*.

Cabbage, the Taylor, leaves the half-made coat.
To Hamlet—gooſe and thimble he'll devote.
On ſuicide reſolv'd, his pride's to treat us,
With making *a bare bodkin his quietus!*

A gentle

A gentle Deſdemona too, behold,
Whoſe *real* character's an arrant ſcold.
The flirting Fair, whoſe joy was once to roam,
Now thinks of being *perfect*, and *at home*.
But Ridicule muſt now with-hold its darts;
Nor wound fine Ladies *in their tender parts*;
For ev'ry fleeting faſhion has its day,
And, like a meteor, paſſes ſoon away.

To-night we've choſe another Turkiſh tale:
But Turkiſh cuſtoms cannot here prevail.
Each gallant Vot'ry at the ſhrine of beauty,
Oppoſes Mah'met, as an act of duty.
Dares he affirm, That woman has no ſoul?
Kent's lovely Dames deſpiſe th'uſurp'd controul;
Whilſt here their ſpeaking animated eyes
Tell the proud ſurly Prophet that—he lies.

The following EPILOGUE *to the ſame Tragedy, written by Capt. Topham, and ſpoken by Mr. Fector, is inſerted at the Requeſt of a particular Friend.*

LONG have the Sat'riſts of the moral ſtage
Laſh'd with ſtrong arm the vices of the age;
While each, to reprobate his own the firſt,
Will ſtill maintain, Their times were always worſt.
Thanks to theſe times!—and give the Devil his due,
Wicked we are, and very wicked too;
Yet none of certain forms ſo unobſervant,
Would act like *Zaphna* here, your humble ſervant.
No Son for piety, or, what's abſurder,
For piety's pretence, Papa would murder.
Such overt acts our modern Heirs would dread;
Tho' each might wiſh his "Square Toes" fairly dead.
No modern fair, *Palmyra*'s ſteps purſuing,
Had let too much religion work her ruin.
Her hours in ſport more innocently flow,
"In midnight dances, and the public ſhew."
Religion, like her cloak, juſt keeps her warm;
Made to the mode, and light enough to charm.

No

No zealot prieſt to circumſcribe each motion:
The well-dreſs'd Curate bettter knows devotion.
In Love's Small Catechiſm takes a part,
'Till Miſs has got the due reſponſe by heart:
Like *Cherry* *, formerly can ſolve a doubt,
And ſay "where love comes in, and where goes out."
Thanks to the temper then, of theſe our times;
Follies we have—but ſeldom reach to crimes.
Our fault is levity; but the ſtrong feature
In ev'ry Engliſh character, Good-nature.
And ſhould moroſer critics doubt the fact,
To-night, in open court, I'll prove the act;
For in this brilliant circle round us plac'd,
Who aid our efforts by their generous taſte;
Whoſe cheering ſmiles, whoſe grateful tears between,
Might form the ornament of ev'ry ſcene.
If you can deign to grace this lowly ſhed,
And weep the ſorrows of our humble dead;
To give to us what brighter ſcenes might claim,
That praiſe, which Siddons' ſelf might hold as fame,
How muſt I feel that character expreſs'd!
How?—but your gentle hearts can know it beſt!

* In the Beaux Stratagem.

To
NATURE.

NATURE, thou Guardian of the Infant Muſe,
O may thy beauties ev'ry thought infuſe!
From thy great ſource poetic numbers flow:
On thy rich ſoil the ſeeds of fancy grow.
Unpractis'd I, in ſcientific rules,
If nurs'd by thee, diſdain the Critic's ſchools.

'Twas Nature tun'd immortal SHAKESPEARE's lyre
To Pity's ſoftneſs, and to Paſſion's fire.
On Fancy's wings th'enraptur'd Poet flies;
And Genius wafts him to his native ſkies.
Poſterity, with pride, protects his fame:
Ages unborn ſhall venerate his name.

Enchanting SPENSER! Nature's ſimple child,
On thee, with joy ecſtatic, Fancy ſmil'd.
On thee, with lib'ral hand, her gifts beſtow'd:
Smooth as thy verſe, and unconſtrain'd they flow'd!

Nature

Nature inſpir'd majeſtic MILTON's Muſe,
And taught his judgment the great theme to chuſe.
Preſumption ne'er urg'd Milton to aſpire!
From Heav'n he borrow'd the celeſtial fire.

Tho' DRYDEN wander'd from thy eaſy road,
'Tis nature glows in ſweet *Cecilia's Ode*.
There ſhines the grandeur of the true ſublime:
There beauties flouriſh, unimpair'd by time.

BUTLER! who once a monarch's laugh could raiſe;
Whoſe merits gain'd him the reward of praiſe;
Thro' life was left to ſtruggle with his fate;
Which, fraught with care, could ne'er his wit abate!

Melodious WALLER! as the chryſtal clear;
Thy rhyme is muſic to the chaſteſt ear.

When we, O CONGREVE! view thy brilliant ſcene,
In honeſt laughter we forget our ſpleen.
See drowſy dulneſs with attention ſit;
His leaden mind enliven'd by thy wit.
The flaſh facetious ſo delights the ſoul,
We can't endure the Dagger and the Bowl.

Melpomene no more thy charms diſplay,
While Congreve and Thalia lead the way.
There ſprightly Mirth with ſportive Fancy plays;
And Genius ſhines in all her ſplendid blaze.

The mournful OTWAY, wedded to diſtreſs,
His Muſe, e'en poverty could not depreſs.
To Nature's dictates ſtedfaſt and ſincere:
Tho' ſkill'd to raiſe, 'twas he that ſhed the tear.

Accompliſh'd ADDISON! in thee we view
Wit's brighteſt rays, and judgment ever true!
In thy correct, inſpir'd page we find
The ore of thought by niceſt taſte refin'd.

For thee, O SWIFT! the loftieſt Muſe ſhall ſing.
To thee keen Satire lent her poignant ſting:
That ſting which e'en proud ſtateſmen once would fear;
And Folly oft has felt thy laſh ſevere.
Corruption trembles as he reads thy line,
Whilſt Virtue's vot'ries venerate thy ſhrine.

Each

Each grace, each paſſion, POPE's ſweet verſe expreſs:
There ſentiment appears in Nature's dreſs!
Shall I deſcribe the texture of a mind,
Where ev'ry thread was regular refin'd?
His vary'd charms the pow'rs of praiſe defy:
Whilſt taſte ſurvives, his fame can never die.

Whoſe hand directed THOMSON's artleſs Lay?
'Twas thine, O Nature, taught him to pourtray!
From thee he learn'd to animate the heart
With all the joys deſcription can impart.

Shall PRIOR ſink to dull Oblivion's ſhade?
Emma for thee a laſting wreathe hath made.
No more, O Gallia, boaſt thy great Boileau,
Whoſe maukiſh muſe in ſtreams bombaſtic flow.
'Twas Prior ſtopp'd the pompous flatterer's courſe,
And turn'd the current with ſuperior force.
The venal Gaſcon of contempt complain'd;
And Louis *once* his paraſite diſdain'd.

GAY's honeſt mind the world could ne'er allure:
His Muſe was faultleſs, as his heart was pure.

In robes majeſtic Virtue he attir'd:
'Twas Virtue's cauſe the modeſt Gay inſpir'd.
From his reproof no ſtation was exempt.
Guilt fear'd that ſpirit which ſhe ne'er could tempt.

Warm from the heart the contemplative YOUNG,
In plaintive notes, inſtructed as he ſung.
To wean raſh Folly from her mad career;
To make grim Death leſs terrible appear,
His Muſe, a votary to Virtue's ſhrine,
Was, like the idol it ador'd, divine!

Neglected COLLINS! Nature was thy guide,
Tho' Fame to thee her fickle boon deny'd.
Thy charms the taſteleſs critic can't perceive;
'Tis judgment only will the tribute give.
The meed well earn'd, with pleaſure ſhe beſtows:
And greeneſt bays ſhall flouriſh on thy brows.

Thy Verſe, O GRAY! let pedant-pride diſdain:
Still I revere the melancholy ſtrain.
Still pleas'd, I liſten to the penſive ſong,
And never think the ſolemn notes too long.

SHENSTONE!

SHENSTONE! once bleſt in Leaſowes' happy grove,
Unſeen, among his verdant vales would rove.
From his warm heart oft burſt the ſlighted ſigh;
And tears deſpis'd oft trickl'd from his eye.
The Fair that caus'd them they could never melt:
The pangs of paſſion were by her unfelt.
The Muſe, with ſympathy, beheld his pain;
Lent him her lyre, and liſten'd to his ſtrain.

'Twas fickle Beauty on fond HAMMOND frown'd:
His verſe beſt ſpeaks the anguiſh of his wound.
From Cupid's wing he drew his tender plume:
With that deſcrib'd a hapleſs Lover's doom.

Ironic CHURCHILL, nervous, free, and bold,
Who ne'er for pelf his independence ſold.
His honeſt pen made e'en the guilty feel:
A dagger, e'en more poignant than the ſteel.

See GOLDSMITH next, with modeſt pace advance;
His firm fix'd fame Encomium can't enhance.
His faithful portraits long ſhall charm the eye.—
Colours ſo ſtrong the rage of time defy.

High on the pinnacle of modern fame,
With pride, O SHERIDAN! we rank thy name.
Nor envy can diſpute thy juſt pretence:
Thy genius once the Drama's beſt defence!
The Comic Muſe, ſtung by neglect, repines:
'Tis from thy ſlights her beauteous form declines.
Oft ſhe allur'd thee by her dimpl'd ſmile.
The ſweet attraction can no more beguile.
In vain ſhe wooes thee to her lovely arms:
Thy furor faction has ſuperior charms.
The raven diſcord now can boaſt a pow'r
To wean e'en Taſte from Fancy's fragrant bow'r!

Content to merit, not to hunt for praiſe,
With rapture, HAYLEY, we peruſe thy lays!
How few, like thee, the happy ſkill poſſeſs!
To give to Nature a becoming dreſs!
In gaudy colours ſome bedeck the Maid.
Nature moſt ſhines the ſimpler ſhe's array'd.
With ſcorn ſhe turns from Folly's glittering glare,
Truſting her graces to her Hayley's care.

Three Years ago the Author added the Signature of E. T. P. *to ſome Lines reſpecting* The Learned Pig. *A Perſon, who has long obtruded his Poetical Trifles under thoſe Characters, conceived great Offence at this Proceeding. As a Commercial Man, he conſidered it as an Attack on his* Paper Credit, *and (if not very wiſely, at leaſt very ſpiritedly) reſented it.—In vindication of myſelf, the following was written, and intended for Publication; but withdrawn at particular Requeſt. My Pen has not the Force of David's Sling, to enable me to contend with this Literary Goliah: ſenſible that no Weapon I poſſeſs has ſufficient Force to penetrate thoſe Brains which, like Prince Cloten's, in Cymbeline, "not Hercules, even with his Club, could injure."*

THOU firſt of Poets, and not leaſt of Wits,
Whoſe rhyming genius ev'ry ſubject fits;
Whoſe ſmooth, unmeaning, uninſpired lays
Attract our pity, and ſometimes our praiſe:
With art the Thought and Metaphor to mingle,
How like a ſchool-boy's hoop thy verſes jingle!

O thou

O thou moſt fam'd, laborious *E. T. P.*
My fooliſh vanity I plainly ſee.
With all humility my crime confeſs.
Why ſhould I make thy little merit leſs?
What tho' thy friends may own th' obligation,
Shall I attempt to drive thee from thy ſtation?
A POST which talents ſuch as thine adorn,
To bore the breakfaſt-table ev'ry morn
With Epigrams, Impromptus, Jeu d'Eſprits,
And thoughts ſo very chaſte they even freeze.
There will thy fuſtian ne'er remain unſought,
While 't has *that* only beauty—*being ſhort.*

On the Recovery of the Lord Chancellor from a dangerous Fit of Illneſs.

HAD the deſtructive dart of Death
Depriv'd greath THURLOW of his breath,
Britain might well bewail.

Hapleſs

Hapleſs indeed had been her fate.
But whilſt thy counſels guide the ſtate,
Faction can ne'er prevail.

O may the firmneſs of thy mind,
Which was by bounteous Heav'n deſign'd
To guard our Patriot Iſle;
Long may we feel its matchleſs pow'rs!
May health protect thy future hours,
And cheer them with her ſmile!

On the Archduke of Milan's ordering Forty Beds to be prepared, previous to his Arrival in England.

WHY all this buſtle, all this pother,
About the great Milan?
Altho' Imperial Joſeph's brother,
His Grace is but a man.

A man

A man indeed, the Ladies ſay,
If Fame no falſehood ſpreads;
Each modeſt Fair he'll fright away,
Who tumbles forty beds.

'Tis Britiſh Beauty's brilliant ſun
His gallant ſoul enflames:
Italia's nymphs henceforth he'll ſhun,
And praiſe our lovelier Dames.

France now may ſay, We dread ſome war
That panic-ſhakes our helm;
Or why invite Archdukes from far,
To aggrandize our realm?

On Mr. Sheridan's Obſervation,
That the Collectors of the Perfume-Tax ſhould, like Pointers, be remarkable for the Sagacity of their Smell.

YOUNG Congreve declares, that, to gather this duty,
To render productive this impoſt on beauty,
And to guard 'gainſt deceptions, it ſure muſt be meant,
That Collectors, like Pointers, ſhould have a good ſcent.

Tho' the brilliant effuſions of wit we admire,
Yet to thoſe airy regions we do not aſpire.
E'en on Fancy's gay flights 'tis unſafe to repoſe;
Nor will we, like Collectors, *be led by the noſe.*

The

EVENING.

PHœbus had ſcarce his golden beams withdrawn,
And ſtole the bluſhes from the verdant fields:
The Shepherd always ending with the ſun,
Flies to the grove which Paſtorella ſhields.
To her he haſtens, and, by amorous wiles,
He gains a Heav'n in the maiden's ſmiles!

Cares of the day with beauty's ſoon forgot;
And love can ſoothe the moſt afflicted mind.
How happy then the humble peaſant's lot!
Fly Jealouſy, no prey thou here wilt find!
She ſcorns thoſe arts which give the Lover pain;
And views each Coquette with a juſt diſdain.

But now the ſcene of triumph does appear.
Ye Sons of Wealth and Luxury, attend!
Now for a moment, Look on love ſincere;
And as you ſee its beauty—it befriend:

Damon

Damon with rapture Paſtorella meets;
Nor ſhe, with prudery feign'd, herſelf defeats.

Good-nature ſhe at all times did poſſeſs;
Which o'er her charms a double luſtre ſpread.
In gentle ſtrains the fair one he'd careſs;
And at thoſe ſtrains her gentler heart has bled!
Muſic can ſoon the tender ſoul enliſt;
And Stoics ſcarcely can its pow'rs reſiſt.

The ſilver moon now ſummons their retreat.
Ere diſmal night ſteal on their hearts with fear,
Th'enraptur'd pair forſake their rural ſeat,
Where flow'rs their ſweets exhale unto the air.
With ſoft embraces they each other leave,
And Lovers only can their bliſs conceive!

Is mutual paſſion then to groves confin'd?
Ambition ne'er ſhall feel its tender joys.
Splendor ſhall often mourn unto the wind,
Envying the pleaſures Innocence enjoys.
Good-nature happineſs in love ſhall know:
From Virtue's ſource Felicity muſt flow.

SONG.

THE Fop, but in vain,
May ſpeak of his pain,
And tell us, he dies at our feet:
He may ogle and leer,
Whilſt we turn a deaf ear,
As our hearts are not gain'd by conceit.

The gay God Cupid
Laughs at the ſtupid:
To genius he's ever a friend.
On Coxcombs and Beaux
Contempt he beſtows;
But to Merit his Quiver will lend.

Poſſeſs'd of his bow
The markſman, we know,
Who rightly can level his aim;
When his object's a kiſs,
He nevet will miſs.
Succeſs will his judgment proclaim.

SONG.

THE dauntleſs Sailor leaves his home,
Each ſofter joy and eaſe:
To diſtant climes he loves to roam;
Nor dreads the boiſt'rous ſeas.

His heart, with hopes of vict'ry gay,
Scorns from the foe to run.
In battle terrors melt away,
As ſnow before the ſun.

Tho' all the nations of the world
Britannia's flag would low'r,
Her banners ſtill ſhall wave unfurl'd,
And dare their haughty pow'r!

But ſee, Bellona ſheathes her ſword:
Huſh'd is the angry main.
The cannon's roar no more is heard:
Sweet Peace reſumes her reign!

On a Swarm of Bees
ſettling on the Ducheſs of Rutland.

RUTLAND of ev'ry charm poſſeſt
Which decorates the female breaſt,
Of beauty which excels all praiſe!
Accept theſe unembelliſh'd lays.
And where the lab'ring metre tries
T'expreſs the language of thine eyes,
Thy form divine, thy face ſo fair,
Thy ſnowy boſom, graceful air;
If there is one preſumptive line
Th'offspring of this poor brain of mine
Shall dare endeavour to pourtray
The graces which round Rutland play,
Spare, gently ſpare, the rude attempt;
Nor doom my boldneſs to contempt.

Ambition

Ambition 'tis inſpires my mind.
My heart is but too ſoon inclin'd,
As the little flutt'ring bees
On the loveliest flowers ſeize;
So where the ſweeteſt honey's found,
Will *ſwarms poetic* moſt abound.

To

D E L I A.

SOFT as the gentle zephyrs of the weſt,
Succeeding ſultry Phœbus' heat,
Is Delia's pure unſullied breaſt
With ev'ry virtuous charm replete.
Love's ſharpeſt pains thy ſmiles diſpel;
So fix'd, ſo pow'rful is thy ſway,
My heart to thee can ne'er rebel;
'Tis freedom only to obey.

When on that ſnowy breaſt I gaze;
When I that heav'nly face behold,
Fain would I ſing in Delia's praiſe:
Her charms can make the timid bold,
Her manners mild, her converſe ſweet;
Where grace and ſentiment combine!
I bleſs the hour whene'er we meet,
And find each interview divine.

What pen can paint the joys, the bliſs,
That ev'ry moment them attend?
No rapture, ſure, can equal this!
But ah this rapture has an end!
Soon ſhall we quit th'ecſtatic ſcene,
Where Time on ſwifteſt pinions flew:
It fills each breaſt with anguiſh keen,
We part—but cannot ſay Adieu!

Congratulatory

Congratulatory Stanzas,
addreſſed to his Majeſty, on a recent Reconciliation.

A Briton's ardor animates my lyre;
A patriot tranſport guides my feeble pen:
A theme like this bids diffidence aſpire—
The cauſe of nations, and the cauſe of men!

What tho' my gladden'd heart with joy o'erflows?
Replete with rapture ſacred and ſincere,
Still my hand trembles as my boſom glows,
This fir'd by fervour, *that* depreſs'd by fear,

If then in humble, yet unfiniſh'd lays,
I pour the warm effuſions of the heart,
Benevolence will ſpare th'unſkill'd eſſays,
And ſhield me from the Critic's poiſon'd dart.

Let thoſe to petulance and malice prone,
Uncandidly my weak attempts condemn;
Yet, like the ornament of Britain's throne,
The ſlander that I feel not, I'll contemn.

Should

Should e'en the meaneſt of the Muſe's train,
The literary goſſip of the day
Should I excite his baſe, ill-manner'd ſtrain,
I'll ſtrive to chace th'ill-natur'd waſp away.

Can England's Monarch, to each ſcience dear,
Who blends his wreath of fame with private worth;
Can GEORGE be injur'd by a prattler's ſneer,
Or e'en to cenſure give the ſmalleſt birth?

O! form'd to govern and protect our Iſle:
In juſtice e'en by Trajan unexcell'd;
Still let the imps of calumny revile:
And ſtill by virtue be each ſhaft repell'd!

Detractors ne'er can vex the noble breaſt:
They hiſs indeed, but want the pow'r to ſting.
It ſpurns the vamper of each pointleſs jeſt,
So feebly aim'd againſt a Patriot King.

A Patriot King! that title ſure is thine,
Whoſe actions flow from Honour's ſacred ſource!
Thy fame, thy glory, claim a Hand Divine
To paint their ſplendid and unvaried courſe!

Whoſe

Whoſe lenient wiſdom chac'd the dreadful gloom
Which War's ſad horrors o'er thy country ſpread:
Who bade the flow'r of peace revive and bloom,
And rear her modeſt and declining head.

Commerce, exulting from her crowded ſhores,
Aloud thy kind protecting pow'r proclaims,
And whilſt her ſwelling ſails each clime explores,
What joy, what gratitude, her breaſt enflames!

Beneath a cumbrous debt ſhall Britons groan?
Of war, alas! th'inevitable train!
See Credit ſmiles! no more its ſtate bemoan,
Hence each ſhall venerate the Monarch's reign!

Thy ſceptre's brightneſs Envy muſt allow;
Nor to the ſceptre is thy fame confin'd.
Thy milder merits all revere and know:
To theſe th'Hiſtorian never can be blind.

Affection, which adorns the nuptial tye,
Thy CHARLOTTE finds unſhaken and unbroke;
And boldly may Ill-nature's tongue defy;
Who ne'er the ſland'rous whiſper could provoke.

The

The madd'ning joys that Luxury beſtows;
The giddy tranſports that the mind degrade;
The thorns that dwell on Pleaſure's tranſient roſe,
Ye leave to Folly's throng, and ſeek the ſhade.

Here learn, ye trifiers, duties to diſcharge,
Which claim each huſband's and each parent's part;
Philoſophy itſelf might here enlarge,
And, by this pattern, rectify the heart.

Who that beholds the pure domeſtic ſcene,
But with enthuſiaſtic ardor glows!
Long may it flouriſh, ſacred and ſerene!
Nor e'er may Fate its envy'd bliſs oppoſe!

Should filial foibles grieve a Sov'reign's breaſt,
His generous ſoul reſents not, but forgives!
'Tis here his moderation ſtands confeſt,
Whilſt an example to the world he gives.

Ye rigid fathers, whoſe relentleſs minds
Think it is policy to be ſevere,
Here a bright model ev'ry parent finds:
Here, with true ſplendor, BRUNSWICK ſhall appear!

No

No ſordid avarice his heart can chill:
No ſelfiſh apathy his ſoul contracts;
By cold unkindneſs, 'tis not his to kill:
He ſeeks that fame which flows from nobler acts.

'Tis GEORGE, whoſe goodneſs caſts Oblivion's veil
O'er the exceſſes of a Royal Youth.
His wiſdom is a ſtar, which ne'er can fail
To lead a Princely Wanderer to Truth.

The proſpect ſhall upraiſe Dejection's head,
And e'en the frigid ſons of Cenſure warm.
To all but Faction ſhall its influence ſpread:
The fiends of Treachery cannot feel the charm.

And while the future hope of Albion's realms
Copies thoſe brilliant virtues, all admire
What ecſtaſy each patriot's breaſt o'erwhelms!
What ſolid tranſports feels his SACRED SIRE!

END OF THE POEMS.

What

61

What will the World fay?

A FARCE.

IN TWO ACTS.

PREFACE.

ALTHOUGH this little Biped (a firſt Dramatic Eſſay) has not yet run on the Boards of a Theatre, it is preſumed that it will not be deemed a tedious or unamuſing Companion in the Cloſet. It was to have been acted at the Benefit of a reſpectable Performer. Particular circumſtances, too unintereſting in themſelves to render the recital a matter of the ſmalleſt importance to the Reader, prevented the repreſentation. Were I to treſpaſs on his patience with ſuch a relation, he might with juſtice exclaim,

"What's Hecuba to *him*, or *he* to Hecuba!"

The

PREFACE.

The diſadvantages that attend the publication of unrepreſented Pieces are but too obvious. Many will ſcarcely deign to read what has not been performed; and, if they condeſcend to look on a Production of this nature, it is generally with the moſt unfavourable prepoſſeſſions. Their opinions conſequently chime with their prejudices.—This may at firſt, perhaps, diſcompoſe an Author's placidity, but can never ſeriouſly affect his reputation, or retard his progreſs to Fame, if he has ſpirit to purſue it.

If the common remark, That the beſt acting Farces ſeldom READ WELL is admitted, it is hoped that the Good-natured will not, in *this* inſtance, diſpute the converſe of the obſervation, That an *un*-acted Farce has the better Recommendation to Peruſal.

WHAT

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

SIR GEORGE WELFORD.

MR. WELFORD.

LIDDEL.

BRONZE.

ISRAEL.

SOLOMON SCRIP.

SMACK.

CAPT. GRENVILLE.

VELLUM.

VULTURE.

WOMEN.

MRS. WELFORD.

PRISCILLA.

PATTY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

SIR GEORGE WELFORD.

MR. WELFORD.

LUDLOW.

HAWKINS.

IRONSIDE.

SOLOMON SCRIP.

ISAAC.

CAPT. GRENVILLE.

WELLUM.

VALTERS.

WOMEN.

MRS. WELFORD.

PRISCILLA.

PATTY.

WHAT WILL THE WORLD SAY?

ACT I.

SCENE, *A Room at Sir* George Welford's.

Enter Mr. Welford *and* Liddel.

MR. WELFORD.

WELL, Liddel, after the gay ſcenes of France and Italy, Welford-hall muſt appear to you like the temple of Dulneſs?

LIDDEL.

Upon my ſoul, Welford, you ſpeak quite in an oratorical manner! In the Senate you'll be thought a ſecond Cicero.

MR. WELFORD.

There are too many orators already there. The blaze of eloquence, Liddel, does not always proceed from the fire of an honeſt heart.

LIDDEL.

Indeed, 'tis too often like a *Will-of-the-Wiſp*, a falſe light, calculated only to *miſlead*.

MR. WELFORD.

And which ſhall never lead me aſtray while integrity inhabits this breaſt.

LIDDEL.

Come, Welford, a truce to ſentiments, that only becomes the Senator who does not conſider his vote as an auctioneer's lot, the property of the higheſt bidder. As you're but a young repreſentative, I'll give you a faint ſketch of the duties of our modern members.

SONG.

Juſt arrived in town,
To the Houſe they go down,
To know what goes forward to-day:
If they think 'twill fit late,
Perhaps they will wait,
And order their carriage away.

Firſt the lobby they paſs,
Where ſtands a ſmart laſs

With

With apples and oranges plenty;
As each member goes by,
She rolls her black eye,
And catches nineteen out of twenty.

Throughout the debate
See them ſlumber in ſtate,
Till the cry of "*Queſtion*" awakes them:
Juſt ſhook off their nap,
They ſay, "*Aye*, mayhap;"
Or "*No*," as the humour may take them.

Enter a Servant.

SERVANT.

Capt. Grenville, Sir, is juſt arrived.

MR. WELFORD.

Liddel, I hope you'll excuſe my waiting on an old friend I have not ſeen theſe five years.

LIDDEL.

To ornament my friend's frontiſpiece, and marry his inſipid ſiſter, are the objects of my viſit to this manſion.——Friend Iſrael, I fear, will grow importunate for the money I had of him before I left town,

with the hopes of getting Priſcilla's fortune; though my laſt letter, I truſt, will remove every doubt of ſucceſs. But as the married ladies, on all occaſions, claim the preference, I ſhall begin with writing to Mrs. Welford. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to the Apartments of* Iſrael *a* Jew, *ſitting at a Table, with Bonds, Mortgages,* &c.

ISRAEL.

[*Goes to the door, at the outſide of which a Servant is ſuppoſed to be.*]

What timeſh did Solomon Scrip ſay he would call this morning?

SERVANT.

He fix'd no time particularly. [*A knock at the door.* Iſrael *locks up his papers.* Servant *enters with a letter.*]

ISRAEL.

[*Looking at the direction.*] "Abraham Iſrael, Eſquire"—A frank too, I obſerve—nothing to pay.—Oh, this comes from a gentleman who knowſh good manners. [*Reads.*]

"DEAR

" DEAR SIR,

" I am extremely ſorry I can't diſcharge the little " matter I am indebted to you—*(little matter indeed!)* " I have ſecured the young lady's heart—*(and I wiſh " I could ſecure my moneyſh)*—and hope to obtain the " family's conſent, as every thing looks well—*(upon " my ſhalvation, it can't look worſe.)*——My ſenſible " friend Iſrael knows, if I'm haſty, I ſhall loſe all— " *(and unleſs you're more haſty in paying me, I ſhall loſe " all too).*"

Enter Servant, *who announces* Solomon Scrip.

ISRAEL.

Miſhter Solomon, how doeſh all goeſh along with you? There is a ſet of damn'd raſcals in the world.

SOLOMON.

Vary true, vary true.

ISRAEL.

Good nature, Mr. Solomonſh, will be the ruin of our peopleſh.

SOLOMON.

Yeſh; I ſhee 'tis impoſſible for an honeſt man to thrive till he has got rid of his generoſity.

ISRAEL.

Two years ago, I lent a gentleman 500l. I have not ſeen a ſhilling of my moneyſh; but I ſhall takeſh precautions never to be generous again.

SOLOMON.

I thinkſh I can aſſiſt you, ſo that neither of our characters may ſuffer.

ISRAEL.

Our reputation, you know, is every thing. How difficult it is now-a-days to keep one's character, the world is grown ſo damn'd ſuſpicious!

SOLOMON.

I find it very difficult indeed: but I have ſome good friends left, who will always give me a good word.

ISRAEL.

For *paying* for it, I ſuppoſe.

SOLOMON.

Certainly; you would not have them throw their good word away?

ISRAEL.

ISRAEL.

By no means, ſince 'tis ſuch a ſcarce commodity; beſides, there can't be a more creditable way of getting one's bread, than to live by *ſpeaking well* of every body.

SOLOMON.

After all, Iſrael, the beſt of men are moſt liable to be impoſed upon.

ISRAEL.

Or the raſcals would never have taken *me* in.

SOLOMON.

Laſt October I lent a gentleman 400l. and, inſtead of my juſt rights, I've had nothing but excuſes: now, ſuppoſe I try to get yours paid, and you mine, and we exchange notes? [*Exchange notes.*]

ISRAEL.

(Looking at the notes.) I ſhee thereſh a ſmall balance in my favour.——(Solomon *pretends not to hear him.)* ——(Iſrael *repeats.)* Miſhter Solomonſh, I ſhee there's a ſmall balance in my favour.

SOLOMON.

SOLOMON.

Is there indeed! But we can take one another's word for the little difference. How's Omnium? Many tickets in the market to-day?

ISRAEL.

No; they keep the old price.—But, I think, we'd as well have the ſecurity of a bond, for form's ſake.

SOLOMON.

I ſhall ſee you at the ſynagogue to-morrow, and we'll ſettle it. Then you'll not take my word; it will ſave the expence of a bond.

ISRAEL.

Don't be offended: I'd as ſoon take *your* word as any man's, where money's not concerned.

SOLOMON.

You're the laſt man I'd attempt to deceive.——— "He who deceives you has only one more to cheat, "and that's the devil." [*Aſide.*

ISRAEL.

You muſt dine with me to-day. Mrs. Iſrael has not ſeen you ſince the Paſſover.

SOLOMON.

SOLOMON.

Shall you be at Mrs. Naphtali's Rout to-morrow evening? All Houndſditch will be there, and a vaſt deal of genteeliſh peopleſh: there'll be young Jehoſhaphat, who's ſhuſt returned from his travels.

ISRAEL.

What! that little inſignificant *inſect*, who brings ſuch diſgrace on our tribe?

SOLOMON.

As he's juſt come from abroad, we may get a little news from him.

ISRAEL.

Oh! then 'tis probable we may unite a little profit with pleaſure.

SOLOMON.

In my opinion, Iſrael, profit and pleaſure are always *united*.

ISRAEL.

You muſt appear very fine. That coat won't do.

SOLOMON.

Though 'tis not in the faſhion, 'tis very much like the times.

ISRAEL.

ISRAEL.

What, *out at the elbows!* To be ſhure, it has ſheen its beſt days.

SOLOMON.

Aye, and its beſt *nights* too, I think.

ISRAEL.

Come, Mr. Solomon, you're a wit.

SOLOMON.

O no, not quite ſo bad as dat: I never knew a wit that could give change for a guinea. Mrs. Naphtali's a vaſt favourite of mine; and, out of compliment to her, I mean to ſhave.

ISRAEL.

Oh, thereſh no occaſion for dat.

SOLOMON.

Well, if you think it will make me look *particular*, I won't; beſides, it will ſave ſoap.

ISRAEL.

That's one article, you know, our peopleſh are never extravagant in. But you'll excuſe me; I've an appointment at Garraway's.

SOLOMON.

SOLOMON.

I bought a very fine houſe there the other day; pretty ſituation, juſt by Whitechapel Turnpike: I have given it the name of "Solomon's Temple." You muſt come and ſhee it: you can't conceive what a fine proſpect I have of Stepney Fields, Poplar Gut, and the Brick Kilns.

ISRAEL.

I will.

SOLOMON.

Next Sabba, if you're not engaged, come *after* dinner, and you ſhall have a comfortable diſh of tea.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *A Room at Welford-hall.*

Enter Sir George Welford.

Though I am of the wrong ſide of ſixty, yet I'm as happy as the beſt man in the land: a few notches in the blade, to be ſure; but ſtill hearty enough to crack a bottle or two with my friend at any time.

Enter

Enter Mrs. Welford *and* Priſcilla.

SIR GEORGE.

Well, Miſs Priſcilla, how many lovers have been flattering you to-day, or how many have you been flattering?

PRISCILLA.

The imputation of coquetry, my dear uncle, I would ever wiſh to avoid, as I'm totally unacquainted with the practice.

SIR GEORGE.

I ſee you young ladies are now ſo ſoon diſconcerted—and I'm ſo uſed to run on at times—But, Maria, why are you ſo mute?

MRS. WELFORD.

There's always an excuſe for ſilence while you are ſo entertaining.

SIR GEORGE.

If you defend ſilence, I believe you are the only *female* advocate for it in his Majeſty's dominions.

Enter

Enter Liddel.

LIDDEL.

Ladies, at your ſervice—Sir George, I kiſs your hand—My dear Miſs Welford, laſt week I was quite ſtruck—

PRISCILLA.

With what, Sir?

SIR GEORGE.

With a panic, I make no doubt, if it was in a quarrel. [*Aſide.*

LIDDEL.

Your heavenly appearance at the aſſembly.——Bleſs me, Liddel, ſaid Lord Tambouret, what can Miſs Welford's dreſs be compoſed of? her elegant perſon incloſed in ſuch profuſion of roſes, jeſſamine, and hyacinths!——O, my Lord, ſaid I, 'tis Priſcilla's charming embroidery! She delineates the beauties of nature; and her angelic touch calls forth the verdure of the ſpring!

MRS. WELFORD.

What taſte and elegance there is in Mr. Liddel's *tout enſemble!*

enſemble! the ſtile in which his hair is dreſs'd! ſo *full* of the *outſide!*

SIR GEORGE.

And ſo *empty* within. [*Aſide.*

MRS. WELFORD.

Charming locks indeed!

SIR GEORGE.

But not one, I believe, a *Lock upon Human Underſtanding.*

LIDDEL.

I beg you'll ſuſpend the exerciſe of your wit for the preſent.

PRISCILLA.

I'm apprehenſive Mr. Liddel's averſion to wit ariſes from his own ſcarcity.

LIDDEL.

Oh no. When I ſtand in need of that commodity, I follow the plan of modern authors.

MRS. WELFORD.

What, pilfer a little, I ſuppoſe?

SIR GEORGE.

Poor fellows! they're more to be pitied than blamed:

blamed: as they ſteal on the plea of neceſſity, their wit is generally of the *forc'd* ſort, like *cherries in January*.

PRISCILLA.

If wit was one of Mr. Liddel's foibles, he'd attempt leſs ſeverity on thoſe who poſſeſs it.

LIDDEL.

Your ſatirical quivers, Ladies, are ſo full, and the arrows of both are ſo piercing, that I fear there's no ſafety for me but in flight. [*Exit* Liddel.

SIR GEORGE.

I fancy you'd rather do that in *any* engagement than ſtand the attack. [*Exit* Sir George.

PRISCILLA.

Mr. Liddel's departure was very ſudden.

MRS. WELFORD.

Come, Priſcilla, let us entirely forget ſo inſignificant a ſubject.

PRISCILLA.

Inſignificant indeed, when contraſted with my dear Grenville, who, I hear, is expected every day in England.

SONG.

The wat'ry billows may be kind,
And love may lure the wav'ring wind
To ſympathize and feel;
The tempeſt may its rage forbear,
In pity to a maiden's prayer,
Who can't her love conceal.

With bliſs I paint his wiſh'd return;
Till then Priſcilla's heart muſt mourn;
Will throb in every gale;
The gentleſt e'en a ſorrow brings.
And this weak flutt'ring boſom wrings!
Affection will prevail!

Pleaſure in gayeſt charms may ſue;
And even careful Prudence too
May bid me ceaſe to grieve.
That he is ſafe perhaps they'll ſay.
With art thus cheat my cares away;
With tenderneſs deceive.

MRS. WELFORD.

Surely that is not Mr. Liddel I ſee bending his courſe hither?

PRISCILLA.

'Tis him indeed!

MRS. WELFORD.

Attended by Bronze, his counter-part of conceit and impudence.

PRISCILLA.

Let it be a ſignal for our retiring; for the prattle of puppyiſm can afford me but little entertainment at this moment. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Liddel *and his Servant* Bronze.

LIDDEL.

(*Giving* Bronze *a letter.*) Bronze, can you contrive to get this into Mrs. Welford's hands?

BRONZE.

He thinks he may depend on my fidelity; and ſo he might if he'd reward it better: but he's now ſo curſed ſeedy, that he has loſt ev'ry claim to my attachment and

 ſincerity.

ſincerity. [*Aſide.*] But, Sir, with reſpect to this letter *(in a ſupercilious manner)*.

LIDDEL.

You object to taking it then?

BRONZE.

Experience has taught me, that the worſt way of opening the budget of gallantry is by letter. I was once violently ſmitten with a pretty linen-draper's wife in the city; and I may, without vanity, ſay her paſſion for me was as——

LIDDEL.

Come, come; I ſuppoſe the linen-draper's wife gave you *an inch*, and you took *an ell?*

BRONZE.

A woman, Sir, whoſe charms were not confined to the counter: ſhe was worth more to me than all the money in the till.

LIDDEL.

The *Lady* and the *till*, I dare ſay, were equally the objects of your adoration. [*Aſide.*

BRONZE.

I wrote her a letter, aſſuring her, that it was impoſſible

poſſible to meaſure the *length* or *breadth* of my paſſion; —that it was *fine* as the *fineſt book-muſlin*;—for wear, it defied the ſtrongeſt *Holland*;—for *warmth*, no *cotton* was equal to it;—and that it was a *pattern* never would fade.

LIDDEL.

There was no withſtanding ſuch an attack.

BRONZE.

But, unfortunately, this letter was intercepted, and I was obliged to leave London directly.

LIDDEL.

Well, no one can blame a citizen's wife for her partiality to the *livery*.

BRONZE.

Notwithſtanding the vengeance her huſband threatened me with, I am not quite *out of his books*.

LIDDEL.

A little debt, I ſuppoſe. Well, Bronze, you may give me that letter again.

BRONZE.

Moſt readily, Sir. But yours is not the only *tete-a-tete* going on here. Whilſt you are beſieging the

miſtreſs, her maid Patty has already ſurrendered to me.

LIDDEL.

You are indeed always before me in theſe matters; whilſt my plots are forming, yours are carried into execution.

BRONZE.

When I'm on the road of intrigue, I make it ever a rule to *travel poſt:* thus, Sir, I get to the *end of my journey* before you reach the *firſt ſtage*. I imitate the celerity of a mail-coach, while you move as ſlow as the Yorkſhire waggon.

LIDDEL.

I mean no reflection on your talents. But do you think Patty can be truſted?

BRONZE.

I'll anſwer for her.

LIDDEL.

Then tell her I wiſh to meet her miſtreſs this evening on buſineſs of the utmoſt importance. Here's ſomething to excite your zeal *(gives him money)*, and let "Caveto be thy counſellor." [*Exit* Liddel.

BRONZE.

BRONZE.

Theſe *ſhining* arguments always prevail with me *(looks at the money)*: there's nothing like a *golden ſpur* to the performance of our duty. [*Exit* Bronze.

Enter Patty.

PATTY.

Well, this hall is ſuch a charming place ſince the London viſitor and his ſervant have been down here! Though I've ſet my cap at Mr. Bronze, 'tis very odd he has not even aſk'd me the queſtion; and till then I can't buy my wedding things.

(*Sir* George *enters at the other door, and overhears her.*)

SIR GEORGE.

Now if I was but twenty years younger—But the ſight of a pretty girl is to me like a Buzaglo to an old hall—it completely *takes off the chill.*

PATTY.

If ſomebody would but bring the matter about.

SIR GEORGE.

I ſhould be very happy if ſomebody would.

PATTY.

Lord, Sir, what a fluſteration you have put me into! I feel I don't know how.

SIR GEORGE.

Thoſe are exactly my ſenſations.

PATTY.

When you ſpoke, Sir, I really thought my heart would have jumped out of my mouth.

SIR GEORGE.

Well, now I hope 'tis leap'd into its proper place again.

PATTY.

How my lips do tremble! I dare ſay they're as *white* as a ſheet of paper.

SIR GEORGE.

No, my little bloſſom of beauty; they look as red as ſealing-wax: And ſo, you pretty little rogue, I'll firſt warm them, and then make an impreſſion.

[*Kiſſes her.*

PATTY.

You make an impreſſion indeed, Sir!

SIR

SIR GEORGE.

Suppoſe, Patty, you were to leave your miſtreſs's ſervice?

PATTY.

Then I ſhould be out of place.

SIR GEORGE.

You ſhould never want a place in my affections.

PATTY.

And pray, Sir, what wages would you give me?

SIR GEORGE.

While you did your duty, you ſhould not want encouragement.

PATTY.

How monſtrous good-natured the old gentleman is! If he would but give me a new gown! Well, I'll ſpell for one however. [*Aſide.*]——Lord, Sir George, I beg your pardon; but I'm aſhamed to ſay I've no taſte of my own: I muſt aſk ſomebody to chooſe for me.

SIR GEORGE.

Chooſe! Let me direct your choice.

PATTY.

If you pleaſe, Sir; for really I don't know what I likes, I'm ſuch a poor fooliſh thing.

SIR GEORGE.

Fooliſh indeed, if that's the caſe! A young girl don't know what ſhe likes! Something extraordinary indeed!

PATTY.

Any thing that's old-faſhion'd, though, or out of date, I never could bear.

SIR GEORGE.

Then, I fancy, *my* chance is but a poor one. [*Aſide.*

PATTY.

It muſt be ſomething too that will wear well at the ſame time.

SIR GEORGE.

For that, I believe, you will find very few better qualified.

PATTY.

I can't abide thoſe flimſy ſort of things that never do one any ſervice.

SIR GEORGE.

Then none of our modern monkeys have any hopes.

PATTY.

But don't you really now, Sir, think that girls of my age look beſt in linens?

SIR GEORGE.

I do indeed, my dear, and particularly by *candle-light*.

PATTY.

Lord, Sir, were I to alter the gown my miſtreſs gave me the other day a thouſand times, it never would look handſome. I don't like to ſtrut in other birds feathers.

SIR GEORGE.

What the devil! Has ſhe been conſulting me about a gown all this time? [*Aſide.*

PATTY.

Such an old worn-out thing is hardly worth thanks.

SIR GEORGE.

Her averſion to *old things* I ſhall find ſome difficulty in conquering, I fear. [*Aſide.*]——There, you little devil,

devil, is ſomething that, I'll anſwer for it, will ſoon fix your choice. *(Gives her ſome money.)*

PATTY.

Thank you a thouſand times, Sir, for your generoſity!——Lord, Sir, how I do envy thoſe folks that have fine fortunes! What a vaſt pleaſure they muſt have in diſpoſing of them ſo ſenſibly as you do!

SIR GEORGE.

Egad, you have a pretty knack at compliments, Patty! 'Tis not to be wonder'd that people in high life are ſo expert in paying them, as they're almoſt the *only* things they do pay—as their tradeſmen can teſtify. I think I muſt give you a *receipt* for yours.

[*Offers to ſalute her.*

PATTY.

Another time, if you pleaſe, Sir; and then I'll bring you a proper one. [*Refuſes with coyneſs.*

SIR GEORGE.

Well, you enticing creature, I hope, though I'm rather old-faſhioned and out of date, you'll not fix your choice elſewhere; and remember, that *old-faſhioned* patterns, though not always the fineſt in *ſhew*, are ſometimes the beſt for *wear*. [Exit.

PATTY.

PATTY.

Yes, old Gentleman; but young girls moſtly prefer a *handſome ſample.*——How theſe old fellows do peck at us! juſt like a hawk after the poor ſparrows.—— Well, this gown ſhan't be a ſilk one; for that's quite vulgar and unbecoming. After all, there's nothing looks ſo well as *yellow ſtuff.*

[*Looks at the money.*

Enter Bronze.

BRONZE.

My little Venus, I'm overjoy'd to meet you!

PATTY.

I am plain Patty Simple, and none of your Venuſes.

BRONZE.

You can't be offended with a title that's ever beſtowed upon ſuch bewitching charms as you poſſeſs.

[*Offers to take liberties with her.*

PATTY.

Do, get along: young unmarried girls muſt not ſuffer

ſuffer ſuch behaviour. I don't know how far you may go next.

BRONZE.

Were it poſſible to expreſs the emotions of this heart!

PATTY.

Oh, I know what mens hearts are very well—like *honey-combs*, they're moſtly full of *holes*.

BRONZE.

Pierc'd by the ſharpneſs of your brilliant eyes!—But how can you fly from the man that loves you better——

PATTY.

Better than ev'ry thing, to be ſure. But I've been told as how you Londoners an't true at the bottom; and I would not give that *(ſnapping her fingers)* for one that's not.

BRONZE.

True as a courtier to preferment; and I would ſooner endure the chagrin of an extravagant heir, when cut off with a ſhilling, than have my fidelity to Patty ſuſpected!

PATTY.

PATTY.

Lord, Lord, what a pretty treacle-tongued man he is!

BRONZE.

Can you keep a ſecret, Patty? Liddel, my maſter, is in love with Mrs. Welford, your miſtreſs.

PATTY.

I'm glad you told me; I'll let my maſter know it directly: I love you the better for it; 'tis a proof of your honeſty—*(going on very faſt.)*

BRONZE.

'Tis impoſſible to follow your tongue in its full ſpeed. Now, if you'll deſcend to a gentle *canter.*

PATTY.

I'm no *canter*; I always ſpeak the open truth; and if I was married, and any one was even to offer ſuch a thing——

BRONZE.

Now, ſuppoſing a man of my addreſs had the aſſurance. [*Conceitedly.*

PATTY.

Lord, then I don't know what I ſhould do! Such men as you, Mr. Bronze, are ſo dangerous.

BRONZE.

BRONZE.

My maſter has ſent you this.

[*Gives her ſome money.*

PATTY.

Silver!—Well, it will do for *trimming* to the *yellow ſtuff.* [*Aſide.*

BRONZE.

And now acquaint Mrs. Welford that Mr. Liddel wiſhes to meet her this evening in the garden.

PATTY.

Depend upon me.——Lord, I could not find it in my heart to deny him any thing, he *axes* one in ſuch a pretty way. [*Aſide.*

BRONZE.

One kiſs, my dear Patty!—*(he ſalutes her.)*—This is no more than the kiſs of form, and is forgot as ſoon as 'tis over; but the ſecond is the kiſs of love, and leaves an everlaſting impreſſion.

[*Kiſs again, and* exit.

PATTY.

If all the men kiſs'd like him, we ſhould not wait long for huſbands.

SONG.

SONG.

Some men, in aſking our favours,
Are awkward, baſhful, and ſhy;
Approach us with ſighing and quavers,
Trembling leſt we ſhould deny.

Theſe are not the ſwains to our mind;
Cautious leſt they come too near!
We're to ſpirit always inclin'd,
And love boldneſs better than fear.

[*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE, *A Room at Sir* George Welford's.

Enter Sir George *and his Servant* Smack *(the latter rather drunk).*

SMACK.

THE coach is ready, your Honour.

SIR GEORGE.

Where have you been drinking, ſirrah? Tell me immediately, or I'll diſcharge you.

SMACK.

Drinking, your Honour! Lord, I'm above any thing ſo low! As to turning me off, I'm ready whenever you are willing.

SIR GEORGE.

As I always took you for a conjuror, what plan do you mean to purſue, Smack?

SMACK.

Then, as your Honour ſtarves me, and won't let me have enough to drink *(tipples)* which all the world knows

knows as I'm a good-ſized well-made fellow, I'll try my fortune by marriage; and if I can't do that way I'll enliſt, your Honour.

SIR GEORGE.

Good-ſized, well-made fellow! Well, beauty's all fancy; you've that chance in your favour.

SMACK.

Deuce taken the women now-a-days, ſays I for one; they are not what they were.

SIR GEORGE.

Then they muſt be ſtrangely *alter'd* indeed!

SMACK.

Formerly, your Honour, when the queſtion was aſk'd, they juſt coloured a little, and all was agreed on: now one wiſhes *me* ſix inches ſhorter, another four inches taller; one likes me well enough, ſhe ſays, for any thing but a huſband.

SIR GEORGE.

Her taſte is rather a whimſical one.

SMACK.

I'm no woman's man, to dangle juſt like one of their lappets; and when one's got the girls in the mind——

SIR GEORGE.

Every thing's ſettled, to be ſure.

SMACK.

There's Patty, whoſe heart us'd to melt like butter, is now as cold as ice to every thing I offer.

SIR GEORGE.

And I'll take care to prevent your breaking the ice. I muſt be on my watch, I ſee, or this coachman will get the *whip-hand* of me in that quarter. [*Aſide.*]—So then you've given up all hopes of Patty?

SMACK.

Since Mr. Bronze, the gentleman who is footman to the gentleman from London, has been here, Sir George, ſhe looks down upon every one elſe.

SIR GEORGE.

Oh, after this, I muſt give up the purſuit entirely; beſides, I don't think I'm quite ſo well qualified for a love-chace as I was twenty years ago; and therefore ſhall reſign it to younger ſportſmen. [*Aſide.*

SMACK.

What appearance, your Honour, do you think I ſhould cut as a ſoldier? [*Aſſuming a military air.*

SIR GEORGE.

Among our regiments you'd look like a jackall among ſo many lions.

SMACK.

Laſt fair-day, your Honour, I went to a ſerjeant, who invited all *inſpiring* young men to ſerve the King, and live upon mountains of roaſt beef, and rivers of brandy.

SIR GEORGE.

That was the only bait that could hook you. But how dare you appear drunk in *my* preſence?

SMACK.

An't I drunk in every body's preſence? Beſides, all people are drunk at election times, your Honour.

SIR GEORGE.

'Tis a proof ſo indeed, or things would never go on as they do. Get the coach directly; and let me ſee you diſguiſed in liquor again. [*Exit.*

SMACK.

As often as you pleaſe, Sir, though mine is no diſguiſe; 'tis all a reality *(ſtaggers)*. Here comes Miſs Priſcilla, and her lover Capt. Grenville. Poor young

lady! Ever ſince this young officer has arrived, ſhe's had the *ſcarlet* fever ſo violent, that there's no chance of her recovery. Egad, I feel quite muzzy; ſo I think I'll retire; and I wiſh I could ſay with a ſnug penſion; and then let who will *hold the reins*, or *mount the box*, for Coachee. [*Exit.*

Enter Capt. Grenville *and* Priſcilla.

GRENVILLE.

O my Priſcilla! how unlike is this to our former meetings—then!

PRISCILLA.

What are theſe ſurmiſes? They aſtoniſh and diſtract me!

GRENVILLE.

The idea of being ſupplanted by one who is as inſenſible to honour as to your charms, would irritate the greateſt philoſopher.

PRISCILLA.

No one needs leſs to be informed of Mr. Liddel's character than myſelf, nor can any one deſpiſe him more.

more. But how could diſtruſt leſſen that happineſs it was ever my firſt wiſh to promote!

SONG.

When a lover's heart is oppreſt
With jealouſies, torments, and pain,
All pleaſures he ſeems to deteſt;
And joys but entice him in vain.

With the jocund, good-natur'd, and free,
No bliſs or delight he can find;
For happineſs where ſhall we flee,
When ſuſpicion has enter'd the mind?

GRENVILLE.

You have entirely diſpell'd thoſe doubts which I bluſh to think could have enter'd in my mind.

PRISCILLA.

To ſubdue a heart which danger never could conquer, is a victory indeed!

GRENVILLE.

And, inſtead of wiſhing to ſee the period of my

captivity, I ſhall count every link of my chain with redoubled pleaſure.

SONG. *To the tune of,* The Tempeſt of War.

Let the brave ſons of War,
Under Glory's bright ſtar,
Be led on to conqueſt or death;
Still let them enjoy
The foe to deſtroy,
Or with honour ſurrender their breath.
Let the ear-piercing fife
Rouſe their ſouls with new life,
And the thunder of cannons inſpire;
In the drum's martial ſound
Let all terrors be drown'd;
And let Heroes for laurels aſpire.

But when wars ſhall ſubſide,
I'll return to my bride;
And in love may our bliſſes increaſe!
And tho' laurels may fade,
May we ne'er want the ſhade
Which proceeds from the olive of peace!

While

While thus jocund and blithe,
May old Time with his ſcythe
No viſit unwelcome obtrude!
In the charms of my Fair
I'll defy ev'ry care,
And the languor of Dulneſs elude.

In true love there's a joy
Which never can cloy;
Thoſe who find it completely are bleſt:
'Tis life's greateſt pleaſure,
A far richer treaſure
Than Crœſus himſelf e'er poſſeſt.

I hope your uncle's conſent will ſoon complete our happineſs. In the mean time let us prove, that there are thoſe who ſtill love "warm from the heart, and faithful to its fires." [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes.*

Enter Mr. Welford *and* Bronze *(as if before in converſation).*

BRONZE.

Not that I've the leaſt reaſon to ſuppoſe Mrs. Welford will meet Mr. Liddel.

MR. WELFORD.

Pſha! No man would have ſolicited the meeting if he had not received ſome encouragement.

BRONZE.

Nothing in that, Sir; my maſter generally gives himſelf encouragement in theſe matters.

MR. WELFORD.

Then he's a moſt impudent ſcoundrel.

BRONZE.

That I confeſs; and if you obſerve any thing amiſs in me that way, conſider, Sir, how apt we all are to copy thoſe we keep company with.

MR.

MR. WELFORD.

Were you never entruſted with any letters?

BRONZE.

No, Sir, never.

MR. WELFORD.

Then ſome other perſon was employed: every thing was well managed, I dare ſay, to keep me in the dark. But I'll be cool; ſend for Vellum the attorney firſt; then articles of ſeparation ſhall be made out directly.——Bronze, be with me often. Take this for the information you've already given me *(gives him money)*; and, depend on't, your future ſervices ſhan't be forgotten.

BRONZE.

I hope they won't, Sir.——(Now, if I'm rewarded for delivering my maſter's meſſage, and get ſomething alſo for diſcovering it, there's neither ſhame nor blame in it, as I can ſee. Like a *Sunday turnpike*, my heart is only open to thoſe who pay *double toll*. [*Aſide.*

[*Exit.*

Servant

Servant *enters*.

SERVANT.

Two ſtrange gentlemen within wiſh to ſpeak to Mr. Liddel: they've been waiting ſome time, and ſeem a little impatient. Shall I deſire them to walk in, Sir?

MR. WELFORD.

You may.——Now, I ſuppoſe, I ſhall be peſtered with a pretty brace of puppies—all eſſence and pomatum—as fine and as ſtrong as a couple of muſk flies.

Enter Solomon Scrip, *and* Vulture *a Bailiff*.

MR. WELFORD.

May I beg the favour of your names, gentlemen?

SOLOMON.

Solomon Scrip is my name, at your ſervice.

VULTURE.

His *Chriſtian* name he'll tell you another time.—— My name is Vulture, Sir; and I follow the law.

MR.

MR. WELFORD.

Brought up to the *bar*, I ſuppoſe?

VULTURE.

You're very right Sir. My father kept an inn on the Bath road; and I was brought up to the *bar* from my infancy.

MR. WELFORD.

Then, I preſume, you did not keep your *terms* at either of the Temples, or Lincoln's Inn?

VULTURE.

We always kept on good *terms* with all our company at our inn.

SOLOMON.

Thiſh is loſing time, and the bird will fly away.

VULTURE.

Here's the lime that will catch him at laſt *(taking out a writ)*.

MR. WELFORD.

And, pray, of what profeſſion is this gentleman? A Votary?

VULTURE.

VULTURE.

In the ſcience of uſury one of the oldeſt practitioners; and with reſpect to the arts, I believe there are none he is not a complete maſter of.

SOLOMON.

My buſineſh, Sir, is to relieve people in diſtreſh.

MR. WELFORD.

By increaſing their difficulties. Your relief is like the *coup de grace*, which generally terminates a man's deſtruction. Uſury is a trade that flouriſhes as others decay; and I think, Mr. Vulture, your profeſſion has reaſon to complain of partiality, while this gentleman *(to Solomon)* can carry on his without *taking out any licence.*

SOLOMON.

(To Vulture.) Pray, has that gentleman been *bit* by a mad dog?

VULTURE.

By his converſation, I ſuppoſe he has been bit by a money-lender.

SOLOMON.

SOLOMON.

Very like: A man that hath borrow'd money will never give a good word to thoſe who lend it.

VULTURE.

But, however, you need not mind what he ſays; for no abuſe can hurt your character; that's too well eſtabliſhed, Solomon.

SOLOMON.

Why, yeſh; I believe that no one ever made better bargainſh.

MR. WELFORD.

For themſelves, I make no doubt. I dare ſay he never cheated himſelf of a ſixpence.

SOLOMON.

Why, to the beſt of my knowledge, I never did rob myſelf, or ever cheated any one elſe, but by *miſtake*.

MR. WELFORD.

But the worſt conſequences of your miſtakes are, that thoſe who are the moſt hurt by them muſt never expect to ſee them rectified.

SOLOMON.

However, I never feel any diſadvantage from them myſelf.

VULTURE.

Why, it would be deviliſh hard if a man were to ſuffer for every trifling miſtake he commits. Now and then I make a little blunder, by taking up a wrong perſon, and keeping him from his family for a week or two in a ſpunging-houſe. Well, he afterwards ſatisfies the Court that he's not the perſon; and he's let out of Quod directly, or as ſoon as he comes down the *bit* for the fees.

MR. WELFORD.

And this you think a ſufficient reparation?

VULTURE.

Certainly. A man ſees a little life in a ſpunging-houſe. Don't they, Solomon?

SOLOMON.

I don't know indeed.

VULTURE.

But thoſe you have ſent there can tell very well.

MR.

MR. WELFORD.

Yes; I ſuppoſe that many a member has got into that Houſe through your intereſt. Your repreſentatives, Solomon, have one little thing to complain of, I fear; that is, the abridgment of privileges.

SOLOMON.

Why, to be ſure, they are rather *confin'd*.

MR. WELFORD.

Here's a pretty pair of Liddel's friends! I don't know which is the moſt reſpectable, the law-*ſhark*, or the Jew-*alligator!* [*Aſide.*]——You want Mr. Liddel, gentlemen: he's not within juſt at preſent; but if you'll wait a little, you may probably *catch* him.

[*Exit.*

SOLOMON.

I truſt, Mr. Vulture, you'll *catch* him before we leave this houſe.

VULTURE.

Never fear, Solomon: there's not a better hound than Vulture; and, where there's ſcent, he'll follow. I'll make a point of *catching* him, depend on't.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes.*

Enter Mrs. Welford.

MRS. WELFORD.

Liddel, by his late behaviour, appears abſolutely in love with me. I wiſh his overtures were more direct —only to make a fool of him.

Enter Patty.

PATTY.

O Ma'am, I've the charmingeſt news for you!

MRS. WELFORD.

Charming news for me!

PATTY.

Mr. Liddel, Ma'am——But I am ſo unus'd to theſe matters, I don't know how to bring it out.

MRS. WELFORD.

No more trifling. What have you got to ſay?

[*Looks angrily.*

PATTY.

Trifling, Ma'am! I never trifles with any body, nor ſuffers any body to trifle with me: but I can never talk on ſo pleaſant a ſubject while you look ſo croſs, Ma'am.

MRS. WELFORD.

I'm not angry, but wait to hear your tale.

PATTY.

Then, Ma'am, Mr. Liddel—ſo I'm told by his ſervant, who, by the bye, is the ſweeteſt heavenly man——

MRS. WELFORD.

What ſignifies what he is!

PATTY.

It ſignifies a great deal to me. [*Aſide.*]——Mr. Bronze told me to tell you, that Mr. Liddel told him——

MRS. WELFORD.

So much telling, and nothing told!

PATTY.

—— She looks as ſour as if ſhe was chriſten'd with vinegar. [*Aſide.*

MRS. WELFORD.

Well, your meſſage from Mr. Liddel?

PATTY.

Lord, how impatient! But 'tis very natural. [*Aſide.*] He wiſhes to meet you this evening on buſineſs of the utmoſt importance, Ma'am.

MRS. WELFORD.

A ready anſwer will rather fan his flame a little. [*Aſide.*]——My compliments to Mr. Liddel, and ſhall moſt punctually be there.

[*Exit* Mrs. Welford.

PATTY.

Wonder upon wonders! Who'd have thought ſhe'd have melted ſo ſoon? I never beheld ſuch a quick thaw in my life!

SONG.

SONG.

My heart, tho' a ſoft one, is not quite ſo tender;
I'd be boldly attack'd before I'd ſurrender.
In the conteſt of love thus I never would yield,
But ſpend the laſt drop of my blood in the field.
For complying too quickly has not a good look;
Before the fruit falls it ought to be ſhook.

While Prudence preſerves the key to our heart,
In vain little Cupid may level his dart:
And ſhould modeſt merit our boſoms aſſail,
We ought not at firſt to let merit prevail,
For complying, &c.

Enter Vellum, *the Attorney.*

VELLUM.

Ma'am, I preſume you're no ſtranger to the unfortunate affair that has lately happen'd in this family—

That ſuch a circumſtance ſhould have taken place in Sir George Welford's houſe quite aſtoniſhes me!

PATTY.

O! I ſee Sir George's making love to me's got abroad. [*Aſide.*]——Sir, I wiſh you to hear my ſtory from the beginning to the end; for I aſſure you, though I have been a little to blame——

VELLUM.

O Ma'am, I don't mean to inſinuate any thing againſt *you*; but my buſineſs here is of an intereſting nature.

PATTY.

I'm prepar'd for the worſt: I ſuppoſe I'm to be turn'd out of doors. [*Aſide.*]——Come, Sir, I ſee you're a tender-hearted man, and have ſome feeling.

VELLUM.

Why, Ma'am, an Attorney could not carry on his buſineſs without ſome *feeling (putting one hand into the palm of the other)*. But perhaps I'm ſpeaking to Mrs. Welford herſelf?

PATTY.

I'm ſo confus'd and terrify'd, I hardly know what

or

or where I am!——Be ſo good, Sir, to let me know your name and buſineſs.

VELLUM.

My name is Vellum—my practice lies chiefly in the conveyancing.

PATTY.

But you're not going to convey me any where?

VELLUM,

Don't be alarm'd: I've no inſtructions or powers reſpecting your perſon.——I think I'll commence a ſuit myſelf: I ſhould like to carry the cauſe. She ſeems to think I've a little tenderneſs; and that's a very flattering thing to ſay to a lawyer: 'tis the *firſt* compliment of the kind I ever received. [*Aſide.*

PATTY.

I wiſh, Sir, as I've no time to ſpare, you'd come to the point.

VELLUM.

Though I'm not quite prepar'd, I'll take her advice. [*Aſide.*]——Then, Madam, if you were ſenſible of the violence of my regard—My paſſion is not like a Chancery cauſe; it brooks no delay. When

you have both examined and croſs-examined the evidence of my declarations, I hope you will find a verdict in my favour.

PATTY.

Find a verdict! Lord, Sir, if I ſhould find ſuch a thing, you may be ſure I'd return it to you.

VELLUM.

As I generally carry my cauſe on the love circuit, I think I ſhan't fail here.

SONG.

Before you, believe me, now pleads, without brief,
An honeſt Attorney, who ne'er was a rover.
Of beauties, he'll *aver*, you was ever the chief:
I love you as well as an *action of trover*.
For a limb of the law,
I'm free from a flaw:
I can make it appear
That my *caſe* is quite *clear*,
This inſtant I'm ready to ſtand to the trial;
Nor fear from your frowns the *nonſuit* of denial.

My

My affection, believe me, no time can *reverſe*;
'Tis even more fix'd than a *Chancery decree*:
Your ſweet preſence revives, like a *Client*'s long purſe;
And your ſmiles glad the heart, like a *five-guinea* fee.
For a limb, &c.

I'll be conſtant to you as to Weſtminſter-hall;
Retain me on your ſide, and I never will roam.
Tho' to Northern and Midland profeſſion may call,
Yet no *Circuit* will yield me more joys than the *Home*.
For a limb, &c.

Oh moſt lovely woman! you are the very *Niſi Prius* of perfection! [*Offers to take liberties.*

PATTY.

There's my reply to your fine ſpeeches.

[*Boxes his ears.*

VELLUM.

Such a one as I did not expect. I think you ſhould give a little more notice before you bring your action.

To

I

To cut the matter ſhort, and be brief——My client, Ma'am—to be brief, Ma'am, and cut the matter ſhort——

PATTY.

If this is cutting the matter *ſhort*, I think you are very *long* about it; and, as I'm in a hurry, beg you won't be brief.

VELLUM.

Then, Ma'am, I wait upon you reſpecting a ſettlement.

PATTY.

A ſettlement!——Well that's not ſo bad. This is always the way with theſe old gentlemen when they've their wicked deſigns upon poor young girls. [*Aſide.*

VELLUM.

His allowance, you'll obſerve by this paper, is a very liberal one *(takes out ſeveral papers)*. O, here it is, Ma'am! *(Begins reading.)* "Know all men—"

PATTY.

Know all men! I ſhould never wiſh to know any man but my huſband.

VELLUM.

If your knowledge had extended no further, I ſhould not have been called in. [*Aſide.*]——Let me ſee. Five hundred pounds a year is allowed for your pin-money, Ma'am.

PATTY.

Five hundred pounds a year to keep me in pins! Lord, how generous!

VELLUM.

And to one who ſets ſuch a value upon the gift, that ſhe don't care a *pin* for the giver! [*Aſide.*]—— This is the draft I am to preſent to you, Ma'am.

[*Gives her a paper.*

PATTY.

Well, if this is a *draught*, I hope it will be a ſweet one.

VELLUM.

The blanks can't be fill'd up till you've appointed truſtees. If you wiſh to ſee me again on this buſineſs, be aſſur'd, Ma'am, I never neglected the ſubpœna of a pretty woman.——(*As he is going out, enter Mrs.* Welford).

PATTY.

PATTY.

Don't go, pray, Sir!——Lord, Ma'am, here have I been this half hour talking with this gentleman. He ſays this is the draft, and that I muſt appoint truſtees.

MRS. WELFORD.

Sir, I wiſh to know your buſineſs in this houſe.

VELLUM.

O, I ſuppoſe this is the miſtreſs now. I think the old tenant ought to have quitted before the new one enter'd the premiſes. [*Aſide.*]——I am come to that lady (*to* Patty) reſpecting the terms of her ſettlement.

PATTY.

O dear me! Now he'll blab all. [*Aſide.*]——I aſſure you, Ma'am, he never came to any terms or ſettlement with me: he talk'd a pack of ſtuff about my heart.

VELLUM.

Though I could not gain her heart, ſhe ſoon favour'd me with her *hand (rubbing his ears)*.

MRS. WELFORD.

You can have no buſineſs with lawyers, Patty?

PATTY.

PATTY.

No: poor people like me can live without them.

MRS. WELFORD.

Pray, Sir, explain yourſelf.

PATTY.

Aye, Sir, explain yourſelf—who you are, what you are, what you come for, and where you came from?

VELLUM.

Egad, ſhe'd do very well to confound a witneſs at a croſs examination. Prettily am I beſet by theſe two ſhe-dragons! They've ſuch a knack at overbearing, that I ſhould almoſt take them for a couple of Counſellors in diſguiſe. Though they're not *wigg'd*, they've got their *gowns* on.

MRS. WELFORD.

A lawyer's *gown* ſerves a double purpoſe.

VELLUM.

O yes, Ma'am, it anſwers every purpoſe.

MRS. WELFORD.

And is ſometimes a *cloak* for a little chicanery.

PATTY.

PATTY.

Lawyers in *gowns* and *cloaks!* Lord, they ſhould wear *caps* and *bonnets*, and then they'd be complete!

VELLUM.

If you'll attend the next call of ſerjeants, you'll find how much we're, in every reſpect, like the ladies: then you may ſee exactly how *well the cap fits*.

PATTY.

And thoſe whom it fits, you know, Ma'am, always ought to wear it.——Pray Sir, now, do you ever uſe paint and patches?

VELLUM.

We daub a little—when we want to get the jury over. *Patches* we have uſed from time immemorial.

MRS. WELFORD.

And where do you apply them, Sir?

VELLUM.

(Putting his hands on the crown of his head,) This is the place for our patch-work, ladies.

PATTY.

Well now, were I to ſee them, I really ſhould think

think they'd been quarrelling, and had got ſo many *crack'd ſkulls*.

MRS. WELFORD.

Come, Sir: enough of gowns, cloaks, caps, bonnets, and patches. And I inſiſt on your ſpeaking the truth; for I'm determin'd to get it, if I ſift ever ſo long for it.

VELLUM.

Egad, you muſt have a pretty *fine* ſieve to ſift that from me!

PATTY.

You ſhall ſpeak the truth before you leave this room: we've been waiting long enough for it; and I dare ſay it will come at laſt.

VELLUM.

To be ſure, 'tis generally the *laſt* thing that comes from me: I never make too light of the truth.

MRS. WELFORD.

We don't wiſh you to throw the *little* ſtock you have fooliſhly away—but when we're ſo earneſt, and thus aſk for it.

PATTY.

PATTY.

He makes as much of his truth as we do of our *virtue*.

VELLUM.

And you muſt own, Patty, they're what we ought never to part with, but when we can't help it.——The fact is, that, by the orders of her huſband Mr. Welford, I waited on that lady *(to* Patty).

MRS. WELFORD.

Then he has miſtaken you for me all this while!

[*To the ſame.*

PATTY.

And I ſhall have no ſettlement, nor no pin-money, after all.

VELLUM.

And now the worſt part of the trial is over.

Enter Mr. Welford.

MR. WELFORD.

You may withdraw for the preſent, Sir.

[*To* Vellum.

VELLUM.

VELLUM.

Well, I'll discharge myself now; and I hope my bill will be *discharged* to-morrow—or at least that I may have a little *refresher* to go on with the cause.

PATTY.

I suppose then you have a good many of those *refreshers?*

VELLUM.

Such a fatiguing profession requires them. Another opportunity, Patty, I'll let you into all the *golden* arcana of the law.

PATTY.

And all the secrets of the *refreshers?*

VELLUM.

I'll keep nothing from you——except the *truth*; and that I always mean to keep to myself. [*Aside, and Exit.*

MRS. WELFORD.

I am sorry you sent that agreeable gentleman away. [*Laughingly.*

MR. WELFORD.

The idea of separation don't seem to vex her at all! [*Aside.*]

[*Aſide.*]——Ma'am, you may think this a very pleaſant jeſt.

MRS. WELFORD.

I've a good mind to break my heart and run diſtracted, at the thoughts of parting with you.

PATTY.

I ſhould think you had parted with your five ſenſes if you did. [*Aſide.*

MR. WELFORD.

When women run mad at the thoughts of getting rid of their huſbands, 'tis generally for joy, I believe.

PATTY.

I think he might give her a civil word at parting at leaſt, and take his leave in a handſomer way. [*Aſide.*

MR. WELFORD.

I beg you'll take your leave directly. [*To* Patty.

PATTY.

That I can do, Sir, without bidding.——Oh, if he were my huſband, I'd ſoon cure that tinder temper! I'd let him know what's what! I'd take him down from his ſtilts, or I don't know my own powers!

[*Exit.*

MR.

MR. WELFORD.

Your levity on the preſent occaſion ſeems quite contagious: even the ſimple fooliſh Patty has caught a pertneſs which, I ſuppoſe, ſhe thinks is a great recommendation to a miſtreſs who has no particular averſion to forwardneſs in *either* ſex. [*Emphatically.*

MRS. WELFORD.

I ſcorn your imputations; and, to be as ſerious as yourſelf, aſſure you, that notwithſtanding I have received a moſt ſingular meſſage from your *accompliſhed* friend Mr. Liddel, I conſider him, from this moment, utterly unworthy of your regard and hoſpitality.

MR. WELFORD.

The apology is ſufficient; and I require no other conceſſion.

MRS. WELFORD.

If a ſuſpicion yet remains, my honour demands its removal.

MR. WELFORD.

I aſſure you that mine is entirely diſpelled.

MRS. WELFORD.

I do not wiſh to owe your good opinion to any

thing, but the moſt abſolute conviction of my innocence. The puniſhment I have prepared for Mr. Liddel ſhall be inflicted in your preſence.

Exeunt.

SCENE, *A Walk in the Garden, near the Canal.*

Mr. and Mrs. Welford, *and ſome Men, appear at a diſtance; the night rather dark.*

Enter Liddel.

LIDDEL.

Now if Mrs. Welford, being ſuch a novice in intrigue, ſhould bring me into ſome curſed ſcrape or other!

MRS. WELFORD.

My preſence will ſoon diſpel his apprehenſions. But all you have to remember is the ſignal *(to the Men.——Goes to Mr.* Liddel *as if fainting.)*——Mr. Liddel!

LIDDEL.

My dear Mrs. Welford!

MRS.

MRS. WELFORD.

Let us not be too precipitate; but coolly conſider, if I'm detected——

LIDDEL.

If what can never happen.

MRS. WELFORD.

If it ſhould happen, "*What will the World ſay?*" *(Emphatical and loud.—The men immediately ſeize* Liddel: *He makes ſome reſiſtance, when*

Mr. Welford *comes forward.)*

MR. WELFORD.

'Tis all in vain, Liddel! I require no other ſatiſfaction than ſeeing your elegant inſinuating perſon well duck'd, to teach others not to encroach upon *manors* that don't belong to them.

(Men anſwer.) —— Aye, it will teach him better *manners* in future.

MRS. WELFORD.

Come, make a tragedy-ſpeech before you ſup with the trout and the gudgeons!

LIDDEL.

I don't think I ſhall find a greater gudgeon than myſelf. That raſcal Bronze has betrayed me; a fellow who has not honour enough for a highwayman. But ſurely you won't think of ducking me, like a pickpocket!—I ſhall be nicknamed *Count Dip* by all my acquaintances.

MR. WELFORD.

You'll afterwards have the honour of being eſcorted to town by a Jew and a ſheriff's officer.

MRS. WELFORD.

I find then, my gallant there is as much *over head and ears* in debt as he is in love!

LIDDEL.

The ſynagogue-ſcoundrel after me too!——Egad, this is worſe than being blackball'd at all the clubs!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes.*

Enter Sir George Welford.

SIR GEORGE.

I've not ſeen Mrs. Welford, my nephew, or Priſcilla, this evening! Not a ſervant to be found neither! The houſe is as empty as the Houſe of Commons when the Chaplain reads prayers!—Here comes one, who perhaps can explain it.——*(Enter Mr.* Welford, *in a violent hurry.)*——What's the matter, Welford? Here has been a duel at leaſt! Where's your friend Liddel? I have not ſeen him this evening.

MR. WELFORD.

He made an appointment this evening for Mrs. Welford to meet him in the garden, upon buſineſs of the utmoſt importance!

SIR GEORGE.

With an intention, I ſuppoſe, to load your head with city-honours.

[*Holding his two fingers from his forehead.*

MR.

MR. WELFORD.

But we ſurpriſed him on his poſt; and he has ſince had the honour of ſaluting the bottom of your fiſh-pond.

SIR GEORGE.

Well, the *water*'s a fine thing for the appetite!—If he ſhould find himſelf hungry, he's ſure of getting a *wet* there.

MR. WELFORD.

He's afterwards to be transferred to a Jew and a bailiff, who are now in the houſe with a writ, in purſuit of him.

SIR GEORGE.

I think you ſhould firſt conſign him to the care of the cook; for 'tis her place, you know, to look after the *dripping*.

MR. WELFORD.

Intrigue now-a-days, Sir George, inſtead of a diſgrace, is rather conſidered as a feather in a man's cap!

SIR GEORGE.

In every fool's cap it may: but 'tis not to be wonder'd at, when moral writers recommend doctrines they never practiſe. Like *direction-poſts* on turnpike-roads, they teach the way they *never go themſelves*.

Enter

Enter Capt. Grenville *and* Priſcilla.

CAPT. GRENVILLE.

Your niece, Sir George, has condeſcended to think me worthy of her hand: And now I only wait for your acquieſcence, to take poſſeſſion of a jewel which excels all that India can produce!

MR. WELFORD.

To ſay any thing in commendation of Priſcilla's choice would be quite unneceſſary.

SIR GEORGE.

Well, young lady, I ſhall conſtrue your ſilence for conſent; and I dare ſay you won't contradict me.—— Egad, I'm ſo delighted with the proſpect of your felicity, Grenville, that I'm almoſt tempted to turn Benedick myſelf! But an old fellow of ſixty-eight, ſeeking after beauty, is like begging his own horns: And then

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